

THE LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 486.

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1826.

PRICE 1s.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

De Vavasour. A Tale of the Fourteenth Century. 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1826. Colburn.

We feel confident in stating that this tale is the production of Lord Blessington,—who will, no doubt, obtain much popularity among the fair, by the strenuous and gallant homage to the sovereignty of beauty which is to be found in nearly every page of the present work. The noble author appears to be a devoted admirer of the sex, and has a kind word to spare for almost all sorts and conditions into which it is divided,—old and young, dark and fair, chaste and frail, lively and pensive,—maid, widow, or wife. We accordingly find that, in touching, as he does, upon the tender *liaisons* and scandal of the chivalrous age in which his scene is laid, he cannot find it in his heart to speak so ill-naturedly of the pretty sinners, as we, in our saintly capacity of critics, should feel bound to do. But to the tale:—*De Vavasour* is the history of a young man of noble but unsanctioned birth, who, starting on his career under the immediate patronage of Robert d'Artois and Isabel, queen to Edward the Second of England, successively attains, through his own bravery and merit, the most splendid honours, as well as the personal friendship of kings and prelates. It is somewhat curious, we confess, to see the facility with which this “fortunate youth” is made to ingratiate himself wherever he goes; but we naturally carry with us to the perusal of a romance of the fourteenth century no inconsiderable portion of literary faith; and, provided we meet with interesting narrative and vigorously-drawn character, interspersed with a sufficient allotment of “moving accidents” or “hair-breadth escapes,” our detecting faculty is disposed to yield to the pleasing enchantment with as amiable an air as possible. As is the fashion now in what are styled historical novels, we find a sketch of the brave and ingenuous but ambitious Edward the Third put in, as a painter would term it, with great apparent truth and actual effect,—and relieved very appropriately by the feminine sweetness and winning manners of his youthful queen, Philippa of Hainault. The mutual love and dalliance of this couple are contrasted with the Platonic attachment of Petrarch for the inaccessible Madame de Sade (the celebrated Laura). The first interview, indeed, of these two individuals, whose names were afterwards to become so famous, is given as one of the incidents of this dramatic story. There is abundance of feasting and war in the novel before us; together with profuse descriptions of splendour, and ample details of love. The fortunes of Reginald de Vavasour, the hero, are numerous and complicated. He is introduced to the reader as a confidential messenger from the French king, Charles the Fourth, to one of his vassal barons; and although nameless, from the unfortunate circumstances of his birth, he obtains the firm regard of this chieftain, and is soon after honoured by his sovereign with the title of

Marquis of Montserrat. All now goes on prosperously; and we shortly find Reginald at Avignon, in the situation of envoy to the Pope, who then resided at that town. Here his amorous feelings are, for the first time, stimulated by a fair lady called Cecile de Cominge; and as this character is the avowed favourite of the author, we cannot do better than introduce her to our readers in his own way. Certain eloquent glances had been exchanged between the parties on the occasion of a public festivity, and Reginald had subsequently received an assignation through a confidant of the lady.

“Before the appointed hour, Reginald was pacing the court-yard with anxious steps, wrapped in his military cloak, and nearly as ardent for the interview as he was at Vienne for the encounter; though in the latter, it ought to be remarked, he grew cooler as the danger became more apparent, whereas at present each moment increased his impatience. At length he heard the voice of the usher giving breath to the delightful sounds, ‘Follow me.’ They passed through many winding dirty streets, and at last halted near the ruined ramparts. A small door led to a garden, fenced by the hand of taste, and adorned with all the art which luxurious fancy could desire; it was worthy of the precincts of the Paphian bowers, and deserved the admiration of any fortunate youth whom love or destiny had permitted to enter within its boundaries. For this favoured hero, however, shrubs and flowers had no charms; he rushed towards a pavilion which led to a turret, and his conductor disappeared. Reginald was alone, and fancied the moments hours; he imagined himself deceived and mocked. A soft voice at length struck his ear; he listened, and distinctly heard, ‘Chevalier! Chevalier!’ A door was softly opened; he entered a tastefully-decorated apartment, and was the next moment at the feet of the fair incognita, whose averted head prevented him from ascertaining whether or not the features were those of the youthful damsel he had twice seen. The lady did not speak, and Reginald also remained silent. At last the fair incognita held back a part of her veil, and Reginald saw the sparkling eyes of the Lady of the Rose. His expressions were as ardent as his passion was violent and sudden. It was the first time that the little mischievous urchin had said, ‘I will throw away an arrow on that youth!’—‘I declare, sir knight,’ said the fair one, ‘it is impossible to say which becomes you most,—this simply elegant white dress, your splendid purple robes, or your armour; for in so short a time I have seen you in three characters;—nay, in a fourth; for there was a certain youth in a hunting suit, on horseback early this morning, in search of some fair object of adoration!’—‘Which he has now found.’—‘I dare say. I see you have won some maiden’s heart: you now wear the emblem of purity: this noon, I think, it was blue celeste?’—‘The gift of an amiable and virtuous lady: I did not, however, think it would be gallant to wear the colours

of one fair lady in the presence of another.’—‘Beautiful and virtuous!’ replied the damsel; ‘all ladies are so estimated in the first moments of love: and so it was a love-gift?’—‘No, on the honour of a knight.’—‘Of a nameless one, I suppose?’—‘Not quite nameless, though not worthy of being named. I am called Reginald de Vavasour.’—‘Simply, de Vavasour!’ and your device, I saw, was a young lion springing on a boar, with the motto, *Ardor in virtute*.—‘You have some acquaintance with Latin as well as heraldry?’—‘Yes, my father is of studious habits: my mother died when I was an infant; so my father made me his companion; and my knowledge of Ovid, Horace, Catullus, and Tibullus, has been, I am ashamed to say, more agreeable to me than the *Lives* of the Saints. You say I am to call you plainly de Vavasour?’—‘By the grace of his most Christian Majesty King Charles, I am also called Marquis of Montserrat.’—‘It is a very pretty title; I almost envy the person destined to be the marchioness.’—‘Your envy may cease; glory must be my mistress.’—‘If I were a handsome young knight, I should seek one more substantial; some good specimen of flesh and blood.’—‘I have been promised the hand of a lady of high rank.’—‘Well, then, I am to consider you an engaged as well as an engaging young man; and I now own to you that I am an engaged young woman.’—‘And I may add, truly a captivating one.’ Saying this, Reginald knelt and kissed her hand. The lady, instead of desiring him to rise, was occupied in observing the gracefulness of his position; and placing one hand playfully on his shoulder, took up, with the other, the medallion which hung above his left breast. ‘This, too, is a lady’s ornament?’—‘It once belonged to the mother of my friend, who gave it to me, and who also is the husband of the lady I named.’—‘Or, more properly speaking, did not name?’—then, throwing off her veil, she added:—‘Look at me; am I not shaped like a woman?’ saying which, she walked up and down before a mirror of polished steel, which from the lights reflected as classic a form as the sculptors of *Psyche* would select for a model. Reginald was young and inexperienced, but not timid; and recollecting the caresses bestowed on him by Queen Isabel, he seized the gay papillon, and imprinted several warm salutations on the rosy lips of this would-be woman: her eyes sparkled, but whether with anger or love, Reginald did not know; so he guessed the former. He knelt; he entreated forgiveness; he uttered a rhapsody of excuses; while the fair turned away her head, not to conceal her frowns, but to stifle a rising inclination to laughter; and she almost said, ‘My young knight may be *au fait* to the bearing of a cavalier, but he has yet to understand the beating of a woman’s heart.’ Her thoughts were, however, interrupted by a warm pressure of the hand; and, as gentleness was not the character of *Le Jeune Lion*, she absolutely cried out with pain.”

This amour is carried on with greater or less

warmth, and certainly with very straightforward good will on the part of "the enamoured girl," until the marriage of De Vavasour with the lady he alludes to, the Countess Matilde of Hainault, who resides at the English court, and thither the reader is accordingly conveyed.

The character of Cecile is one of great pretension; the author has exhausted on it all his powers of conversational tact, and of description generally. She is represented as lovely, ambitious, and uniting the contrary qualities of female archness and love for display, with masculine intrepidity and disdain of worldly opinion. In short, she is coarse in our estimate of feminine attractions; and cannot certainly be spoken of with approbation by any reader.

The following scene, in which our Third Edward does homage before Philippe of France for his dominions in that country, is in itself picturesque and striking, and cannot fail to be interesting to the English reader.

"After fifteen days' feasting, Edward entered the cathedral church of Amiens. Philippe appeared to the public view as a prince worthy of the crown which he had gained. He was seated on a superb throne, habited in a long robe of violet velvet, embroidered with golden fleurs-de-lis, crowned with a diadem enriched with precious stones, and holding in his hand a golden sceptre. On each side of Philippe were the Kings of Bohemia, Navarre, and Majorca, with the Dukes of Burgundy, Bourbon, and Lorraine, the Count of Flanders, Robert d'Artois, the Constable Chatillon, the Grand Chamberlain, the Marshals of France, the Keeper of the Seals, &c. Edward was introduced by Reginald to the royal presence of France, and his appearance was such as to make all rise from their seats except the king. Edward was dressed in a long robe of crimson velvet, embroidered with golden leopards; his crown was on his head, his sword by his side, and golden spurs at his heels. The great chamberlain advanced to Prince Reginald, and, by Philippe's command, ordered the King of England to take off his crown, sword, and spurs. Reginald, with an ill grace, delivered his sovereign's commands.—'Tell King Philippe to hack them off,' was the reply of the warrior king, 'if he dares!'—The chamberlain, perceiving the hesitation in obedience, advanced, saying, 'It has been a part of the ceremony, established by precedent, that the vassals of France should appear bareheaded and unarmed.'—'Have the vassals never appeared armed in the heart of France?' inquired Edward.—'If the Duke of Aquitaine,' replied the chamberlain, 'refuses the homage, he is at liberty to retire. No injury will be offered to his person.'—'Thinkest thou, Chamberlain of France, that Edward of England fears personal injury? Tell the king, your master, I will take off the crown of England, in act of courtesy, and that my esquires may remove my spurs, because they have not been won in the field of glory; but this is the sword of my grandfather Edward, and out of my hands it shall not pass.'

"The crown was removed, the spurs held by Reginald, but the sword remained. The chamberlain consented that the king should hold the scabbard, pointing the hilt towards the throne, in signal that the weapon was not carried in defiance. Reginald watched the countenance of the royal youth, and he saw suppressed rage and indignance. He saw the smouldering fire which was destined, ere long, to burn and devour all the provinces of the sovereign who wished to humiliate Edward."

This is a very bold and regal; but, after all, we admire most the gay scenes of *De Va-*

vasour—such as the feasts and processions, and, in short, the pictures in general of society in the fourteenth century. We are glad, for instance, to know in what manner the ladies of those venerable days dressed, danced, gossiped, and coquetted—to say nothing of the hunting and tilting of the knights. On these subjects, we trust his lordship will long continue to edify the world.

The Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare. With Notes, original and selected, by Samuel Weller Singer, F.S.A. And a Life of the Poet, by Charles Symmons, D.D. Printed at the Chiswick Press, by Charles Whittingham. 10 vols. small 12mo.

UPON the immortal Shakspeare what new can be said? Commentators may arise, and for hundreds of dull pages give the hues of their own minds to ideas they cannot comprehend and to words they do not understand; but, surely, except where the reading of authors nearly contemporary with this mighty Genius may throw a light upon some of his few remaining obscurities, there is no addition of remark whatever to be desired. On the contrary, the judicious retrenchment of the folly and verbiage which has overloaded the text was greatly to be wished; and for this we are extremely indebted to the present publication. Another of its merits is the conveniency of its form;—another, the clearness, sufficient size, and excellence of its typography;—and yet another, the fancy and beauty of its embellishments.

Of still higher importance is the well-edited biography of the Bard, from the able pen of Dr. Symmons; and many of the original notes by Mr. Singer, which display much research and a very intimate acquaintance with his subject. Upon these, therefore, we will offer a few desultory remarks: were we to attempt more, it must betray us into disquisition far beyond the bounds of a periodical journal; for the subjects would lead us, the one, into the most exursive enthusiasm, and the other, into the most elaborate critical details.

In the life of the man whose powers Dr. Symmons finely illustrates by a quotation from Lucretius,—

Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit; et omnes Præstinxit, stellæ exortus uti ætheris sol;—

it is well known that we are referred to observations on the light which he sheds over the world, rather than to essential facts respecting his origin, progress, and existence. It is eloquently said by Dr. S. "Wherever any extraordinary display of human intellect has been made, there will human curiosity, at one period or the other, be busy to obtain some personal acquaintance with the distinguished mortal whom Heaven has been pleased to endow with a larger portion of its own ethereal energy. If the favoured man walked on the high places of the world; if he were conversant with courts; if he directed the movements of armies or of states, and thus held in his hand the fortunes and the lives of multitudes of his fellow-creatures,—the interest which he excites will be immediate and strong: he stands on an eminence where he is the mark of many eyes; and dark and unlettered indeed must be the age in which the incidents of his eventful life will not be noted, and the record of them be preserved for the instruction or the entertainment of unborn generations. But if his course were through the vale of life; if he were unmingled with the factions and the contests of the great; if the powers of his mind were devoted to the silent pursuits of literature,—to the converse of

philosophy and the Muse, the possessor of the ethereal treasure may excite little of the attention of his contemporaries; may walk quietly, with a veil over his glories, to the grave; and, in other times, when the expansion of his intellectual greatness has filled the eyes of the world, it may be too late to inquire for his history as a man. The bright track of his genius indelibly remains; but the trace of his mortal footstep is soon obliterated for ever."

It has been questioned whether a man Homer or a people Trojan ever existed in the world—the former indeed being problematical, and the latter ill ascertained;—and after the intervention of little more than two hundred years, (such is the vanity of life) all that is truly known of William Shakspeare, in whom the minds of a million of his fellow-creatures shone concentrated, is, that he "was born in Stratford upon Avon; that he married and had three children; that he wrote a certain number of dramas; that he died before he had attained to old age, and was buried in his native town." Neither do we feel much regret that it is so; for though a very natural and laudable curiosity is thus disappointed, there is a vague field left for the imagination, which is perhaps still more favourable to those ideas which are engendered in contemplating the works of this stupendous intelligence. A mystery and darkness are well suited to the being of a Shakspeare:—we are pleased that his very name cannot be certainly spelt;—we like to feel his supernatural influence, and to see it operate upon generations of mankind; and (while we can trace the causes of mastery in such glorious spirits as Aristotle, Plato, Pythagoras, Sophocles, Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, and other wonderful men) to confess that Shakspeare's source of superiority is wrapped in an inscrutable origin, and resembles an abstract and incomprehensible emanation of divinity.

In his Biographical Essay, Dr. Symmon (as well as Mr. Singer in the Notes) has been greatly indebted to a writer whose work seems to us not to have attracted that general attention which the talent and information it displays ought to have commanded. We allude to Mr. A. Skottowe's *Life of Shakspeare, and Inquiries into the Originality of his Dramatic Plots and Characters*:* a publication of great interest, illuminating many dark points, making us familiar with ancient theatres and their usages, and supplying much of that sort of delightful reading which is found in the skilful illustration of a favourite author by analogous examples from other estimable productions. As Dr. Symmons proceeds through the meagre materials which the utmost industry of his predecessors has furnished, he speaks in unmeasured and rather uncourteous terms of several of them.

"The conceit and petulance of Theobald; the imbecility of Capell; the pert and tasteless dogmatism of Steevens; the ponderous littleness of Malone and of Drake. Some superior men, it is true, have enlisted themselves in the cause of Shakspeare. Rowe, Pope, Warburton, Hamner, and Johnson, have successively been his editors; and have professed to give his scenes in their original purity to the world. But from some cause or other, which it is not our present business to explore, each of these editors, in his turn, has disappointed the just expectations of the public."

And again—"Malone was an invaluable collector of facts; his industry was indefatigable."

* 2 vols. 8vo. published in 1824. This, and Professor Richardson's (of Glasgow) Essay on his Female Characters, are two of the best books we know relating to Shakspeare.

gale; his researches were deep; his pursuit of truth was sincere and ardent: but he wanted the talents and the taste of a critic; and of all the editors by whom Shakspeare has suffered, I must consider him as the most pernicious. Neither the indulgent fancy of Pope, nor the fondness for innovation in Hammer, nor the arrogant and headlong self-confidence of Warburton has inflicted such cruel wounds on the text of Shakspeare, as the assuming dulness of Malone. Barbarism and broken rhythm dog him at the heels wherever he treads."

And again—"Johnson was of a detracting and derogating spirit. He looked at mediocrity with kindness: but of proud superiority he was impatient; and he always seemed pleased to bring down the man of the ethereal soul to the mortal of mere clay. His maxim seems evidently to have been that which was recommended by the Roman poet to his countrymen—

Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbis.

In the pre-eminence of intellect, when it was immediately in his view, there was something which excited his spleen; and he exulted in its abasement."

Of Boswell's recent edition it is also said: "that the fund of Shakspearian information has been enlarged by this publication, cannot reasonably be doubted: that the text of Shakspeare has been injured by it, may confidently be asserted."

Upon these criticisms we do not venture to offer our judgment.

On the often-agitated question respecting any authentic portrait of the immortal bard, Dr. Symmons is unable to throw any new or decisive light: he seems to attach most confidence, as we certainly do, to the monument near his grave. At the period when it was erected, we are convinced that it was the general practice to have as accurate a likeness as could be procured of the person buried below. Our opinions upon this point have been fully confirmed by the *Testamenta Vetusta* recently published; the wills in which almost invariably direct the effigies to be a portrait.

We regret that Dr. S. has thought it necessary to pour out his just indignation upon the subject alluded to in his biography, pages 41, 2, and 3. We think it below notice, and, at all events, better unnoticed. In the following, also, we may consider the writer to have been betrayed into undue, though not inexcusable, warmth of expression. He is tracing the proprietary of *New Place*, where Shakspeare passed the latter years of his life; and, differing from Malone's statement, that it was pulled down by Sir Hugh Clopton, he says, in 1751 it was sold "to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, Vicar of Frodsham in Cheshire; by whom, on some quarrel with the magistrates on the subject of the parochial assessments, it was razed to the ground, and its site abandoned to vacancy. On this completion of his outrages* against the memory of

* "Our days, also, have witnessed a similar profanation of the relics of genius; not, indeed, of genius equally hallowed with that of which we have been speaking—for Nature has not yet produced a second Shakspeare—but of genius which had conversed with the immortal Muses, which had once been the delight of the good, and the terror of the bad. I allude to the violation of Pope's charming retreat, on the banks of the Thames, by a capricious and tasteless woman, who has endeavoured to blot out every memorial of the great and moral poet from that spot, which his occupation had made classic, and dear to the heart of his country. In the mutability of all human things, and the inevitable shiftings of property,

"From you to me, from me to Peter Walter," these lamentable desecrations, which mortify our pride and wound our sensibilities, will of necessity sometimes occur. The site of the Tusculan of Cicero may become the haunt of banditti, or be disgraced with the walls of a monastery. The residences of a Shakspeare and a Pope may be devastated and defiled by a Parson Gastrell and a

Shakspeare, which his unlucky possession of wealth enabled him to commit, Francis Gastrell departed from Stratford, hooted out of the town, and pursued by the execrations of its inhabitants. The fate of New Place has been rather remarkable. After the demolition of the house by Gastrell, the ground, which it had occupied, was thrown into the contiguous garden, and was sold by the widow of the clerical barbarian. Having remained during a certain period as a portion of a garden, a house was again erected on it; and, in consequence also of some dispute about the parish assessments, that house, like its predecessor, was pulled down; and its site was finally abandoned to Nature, for the production of her fruits and her flowers: and thither may we imagine the little Elves and Fairies frequently to resort, to trace the footsteps of their beloved poet, now obliterated from the vision of man; to throw a finer perfume on the violet; to unfold the first rose of the year, and to tinge its cheek with a richer blush; and, in their dances beneath the full-orbed moon, to chant their harmonies, too subtle for the gross ear of mortality, to the fondly cherished memory of their darling, THE SWEET SWAN OF AVON."

Glancing over the biography merely to note passages which may invite comment, we beg leave to dissent from the opinion of its able author, that Shakspeare betrayed a degree of grammatical ignorance (p. 54) in his Twelfth Night. The sentence quoted in support of this judgment is not Shakspeare's, it is a whimsical definition put into the mouth of his clown. "If your four negatives make your two affirmatives (says he), why then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes;" but to impute this as a proof of ignorance to Shakspeare, seems to be about as correct as to convict him of still greater absurdity from the speeches of Dogberry or Verges—"To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to read and write comes by nature." But we will not be misled into any of these partial discussions; and we have infinitely greater pleasure in quoting one fair exemplary extract from Dr. Symmons's Essay.

"In his representation of madness, Shakspeare must be regarded as inimitably excellent; and the picture of this last degradation of humanity, with nature always for his model, is diversified by him at his pleasure. Even over the wreck of the human mind he throws the variegated robe of character. How different is the genuine insanity of Lear from the assumed insanity of Edgar, with which it is immediately confronted; and how distinct, again, are both of these from the disorder which prevails in the brain of the lost and the tender Ophelia.

"In one illustrious effort of his dramatic power, our poet has had the confidence to produce two delineations of the same perversion of the human heart, and to present them, at once similar and dissimilar, to the examination of our wondering eyes. In *Timon* and *Apemantus* is exhibited the same deformity of misanthropy; but in the former it springs from the corruption of a noble mind, stricken and laid prostrate by the ingratitude of his species: in the latter it is a noisome weed, germinating from a bitter root, and cherished by perverse cultivation into branching malignity. In each of them, as the vice has a different parentage, so has it a diversified aspect.

Baroness Howe. We can only sigh over the ruin when its deformity strikes upon our eyes, and execrate the hands by which it has been so savagely accomplished."—Dr. S.

"With such an intimacy with all the fine and subtle workings of Nature in her action on the human heart, it is not wonderful that our great dramatist should possess an absolute control over the passions; and should be able to unlock the cell of each of them as the impulse of his fancy may direct. When we follow Macbeth to the chamber of Duncan; when we stand with him by the enchanted caldron, or see him, under the infliction of conscience, glaring at the spectre of the blood-boltered Banquo in the possession of the royal chair, horror is by our side, thrilling in our veins and bristling in our hair. When we attend the Danish prince to his midnight conference with the shade of his murdered father, and hear the ineffable accents of the dead, willing, but prohibited, 'to tell the secrets of his prison-house,' we are appalled, and our faculties are suspended in terror. When we see the faithful and the lovely Juliet awaking in the house of darkness and corruption, with the corpse of her husband on her bosom: when we behold the innocent Desdemona dying by the hand to which she was the most fondly attached; and charging on herself, with her latest breath, the guilt of her murderer: when we witness the wretchedness of Lear, contending with the midnight storm, and strewing his white locks on the blast; or carrying in his withered arms the body of his Cordelia murdered in his cause,—is it possible that the tear of pity should not start from our eyes and trickle down our cheeks? In the forest of Arden, as we ramble with its accidental inmates, our spirits are soothed into cheerfulness, and are, occasionally, elevated into gaiety. In the tavern at Eastcheap, with the witty and debauched knight, we meet with 'Laughter holding both his sides'; and we surrender ourselves, willingly and delighted, to the inebriation of his influence. We could dwell for a long summer's day amid the fertility of these charming topics; if we were not called from them to a higher region of poetic enjoyment, possessed by the genius of Shakspeare alone; where he reigns sole lord; and where his subjects are the wondrous progeny of his own creative imagination. From whatever quarter of the world, eastern or northern, England may have originally derived her elves and her fairies, Shakspeare undoubtedly formed these little beings, as they flutter in his scenes, from an idea of his own; and they came from his hand beneficent and friendly to man; immortal and invulnerable; of such corporeal minuteness as to lie in the bell of a cowslip; and yet of such power as to disorder the seasons; as

"to bedim
The noontide sun; call forth the mutinous winds;
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault,
Set roaring war."

To this little ethereal people our poet has assigned manners and occupation in perfect consistency with their nature; and has sent them forth, in the richest array of fancy, to gambol before us, to astonish and delight us. They resemble nothing upon earth: but if they could exist with man, they would act and speak as they act and speak, with the inspiration of our poet, in 'The Tempest,' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'"

On the difficult subject of Hamlet's madness we entirely concur with Dr. Symmons. "The melancholy which previously preyed on the spirits of the youthful Hamlet, was certainly heightened into insanity by this ghastly conference; and from this dreadful moment his madness is partly assumed, and partly unaffected."

To conclude, we add the forcible lines with which the author has himself concluded.

"Yes, Master of the human heart! we own
Thy sovereign sway, and bow before thy throne;
Where, richly deck'd with laurels never sere,
It stands aloft, and baffles Time's career.
There warbles Poesy her sweetest song—
There the wild Passions wait, thy vassal throng.
There Love, there Hate, there Joy in turn presides,
And rosy Laughter holding both his sides.
At thy command the varied tumult rolls:
Now Pity melts, now Terror chills our souls.
Now, as thou wavest thy wizard-rod, are seen
The Fays and Elves quick glancing o'er the green;
And as the Moon her perfect orb displays,
The little people sparkle in her rays.
There, mid the lightning's blaze and whirlwind's howl,
On the scath'd heath the fatal Sisters scowl;
Or, as hell's caldron bubbles o'er the flame,
Prepare to do a DEED WITHOUT A NAME.

These are thy wonders, Nature's darling birth!
And Fame exulting bears thy name o'er earth.
There, where Rome's eagle never stoop'd for blood,
By hallow'd Ganges and Missouri's flood;
Where the bright eyelids of the Morn unclose,
And where Day's steeds in golden stalls repose,
Thy peaceful triumphs spread, and mock the pride
Of Pella's Youth, and Julius slaughter-dyed.
In ages far remote, when Albion's state
Hath touch'd the mortal limit mark'd by Fate;
When Arts and Science fly her naked shore,
And the world's Empress shall be great no more—
Then Australasia shall thy sway prolong,
And her rich cities echo with thy song.
There myriads still shall laugh, or drop the tear,
At Falstaff's humour, or the woes of Lear;
Man, wave-like, following man, thy powers admire:
And thou, my SHAKESPEARE, reign till Time expire."

We had intended to point out a few examples of Mr. Singer's merit with regard to the Notes to this publication; but a high commendation in almost general terms may, perhaps, serve as completely to inform the public that he has discharged his task excellently. We shall merely mention two or three specimens. In Romeo and Juliet, when Juliet is alone in her chamber, and preparing to swallow the potion given to her by the Friar, the text runs thus—

"Gentle nurse,
I prithee leave me to myself to-night,
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens," &c.

Upon which, Malone has the following abominable note: "Juliet plays most of her pranks under the appearance of religion: perhaps Shakespeare meant to punish her hypocrisy." Perhaps no author ever drew a character with less of hypocrisy in it; and surely such an observation only proves the depravity of mind in the critic. What was Juliet's situation? When the nurse leaves her, she is in such an agony of doubt that she exclaims—

"Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, phial.
What if it be poison, which the friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead—
I fear it is."

In such a state as this, common charity might have allowed that the poor young Juliet might say, without being guilty of hypocrisy, that she had need of many orisons. Mr. Singer judiciously omits so offensive a commentary. We cannot bestow the same approbation on the pains taken to illustrate the line, "Hath Death lain with my bride?" page 122. Mr. Bowdler would not have been guilty of dwelling on such an image. It savours of indelicacy: and the end of the note, page 129, about apothecaries dismissing their alligators before physicians "parted with their amber-headed canes and solemn privileges," is, if not impertinent, superfluous. Thus, we see, there are faults to be found even with the last editor. But we must not end with censure. The edition is a convenient, beautiful, and capital one; fit for every purpose to which the lovers of Shake-

speare would wish to put their favourite author. The designs of the Seven Ages are, we could swear, by Stothard, and admirable in conception, character, and expression. The other embellishments are inferior, but still very neat and appropriate; and, upon the whole, this is a copy of Shakespeare for every library and every reader.

Tales round a Winter Hearth. By Jane and Anna Maria Porter. 12mo. 2 vols. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

FEW would, we think, take up a volume with the name of the Misses Porter affixed, without feelings of pleasant and grateful remembrance: many a sultry hour of summer's weary noon, and many a long and otherwise tedious winter evening, have been beguiled by pages where the purest morality was ever the companion of romantic fiction; where the fancy and judgment were never at variance in their admiration of the hero; and where, if the standard of perfection went somewhat above our estimate of human nature—still it was something even to imagine such. If the volumes before us do not, in our estimation, equal their predecessors, it may, perhaps, be ascribed to their not being of the kind in which the Misses Porter have hitherto excelled—the talent they have so often evinced of keeping up vivid interest through a protracted narrative, is the very opposite of condensing the whole spirit in the short space of a slight tale.

The authors of *Thaudeus of Warsaw* and *The Knights of St. John* have thrown dust in the eyes of criticism; and we shall pass over what we do not think worthy their reputation as lightly as possible. We shall make a short extract, descriptive of a pretty Syrian custom.

"It was a season of peculiar festivity at Saint Mary's,—that of taking the honey. For the treasure of the hives, or the natural repositories of the bees in the hollows of old elms, were there amicably divided between the industrious little creature that deposited the delicious store, and the careful hands which provided the secure bulrush hive; or protected its wilder woodland home alike from predation or any other accident. It was also a delightful occupation with the peasantry, to select and dispose their winged colonies in the most luxuriant spots of their gardens; or in nearest neighbourhood to the balmy herbage of the hills, and the hulling murmur of the little mountain rills, that bees love, and hum in concert with, while they ply their pleasant toil. The people of the country have a pretty legend of the loves of the bee and the fountain, in the same way the Persians talk of the fondness of the nightingale for the rose; and during this festival of the honey-gathering sang such ballads; and the children sprinkled the new hives with water, shook from bunches of lilies; or crowned the bounteous old cells with garlands of every flower. That done, they offered cakes to each other, made of honey and the finest barley meal; and brought the overflowing comb, with bowls of milk, in presentation to their fathers and mothers. And what the children of the land did to their patriarchal homes, the orphans of Saint Mary's imitated towards their adopting parents; loading their little arms with baskets of mingled flowers and honey-pots, and filling the summer parlour with an almost insupportable fragrance, while spreading their tribute before the lady commandress, and other elders of the convent.

"The younger sisters, with the social Baroness of Hardres, ever a leader in scenes of blameless merriment, were in the midst of the joyous revelry without doors, and the bees themselves seemed equally to enjoy their day of first-fruits, sporting like butterflies from shrub to shrub, sipping the dew-drop in the violet's cup, banqueting in the jacinth's nectareous bell; while their little abodes, refreshed and unincumbered of half their too abundant stores, were preparing for their return. So gay they were, as if they knew by instinct (and a just custom in the land had made it as instinct to them) they should find their garden hives, or their wood hollows, alike safe and untainted by foul smell or deleterious vapour whenever the sun set; and the timbre of the young gatherers, sounding from under the spreading sycamore shade, should call themselves to the mirthful dance, and the little queen of sweets to re-suncheon her roaming subjects to their waxen homes."

One word more with regard to the certainly interesting tale, "*The Pilgrimage of Berenice*;" it is much injured by the breaks in the narrative; and we must put our *velo* on the affectation of supposing it to be a recovered MS.: no one will believe the fiction, and it makes the introduction uninteresting, as it is so evidently feigned.

Hours at Home: a Collection of Miscellaneous Poems. By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson. London, 1826. Simpkin and Marshall.

If there is interest in kindly affections, domestic ties, and simple and natural feeling, expressed in the language of poetry, we may safely recommend this little volume to our readers. Much of it has already been before the public:—we must, therefore, destroy its novelties as little as possible, and content ourselves with one short specimen.

"A Mother's Wish.

"Sweet smiling cherub! if for thee
Indulgent Heaven would grant my prayer,
And might the threads of destiny
Be woven by maternal care,—
No golden wishes there should twine,
If thy life's web was wrought by me,
Calm, peaceful pleasures should be thine,
From grandeur and ambition free!

"I would not ask for courtly grace
Around thy polish'd limbs to play,
Nor Beauty's smile to deck thy face,
(Given but to lead some heart astray.)
I would not ask the wreath of Fame
Around thy youthful brow to twine;
Nor that the statesman's envied name,
And tinsel'd honours, should be thine!

"Ne'er may War's crimson'd laurels bloom,
To crown thee with a hero's wreath—
(Like roses smiling o'er a tomb,
Horror and death lie hid beneath);
Nor yet be thine his feverish life,
On whom the fatal Muses smile;
The Poet, like the Indian wife,
Oft lights his own funeral pile!

"No!—I would ask that Virtue bright
May fix thy footsteps, ne'er to stray;
That meek Religion's holy light
May guide thee through life's desert way.
That manly sense, and purest truth,
A breast Contentment's chosen shrine,
May thine the slippery paths of youth,
Unstain'd, untarnish'd, still be thine!

"That Love's chaste flame,—that Friendship's glow,
May kindle in thy generous breast;
That peace (which greatness ne'er can know)
Be thy calm pillow's nightly guest.
Sweet smiling infant! if for thee
Indulgent Heaven would hear my prayer,
Thus should the web of Destiny
Be woven by a mother's care!"

So much for the inside; and we must observe of the outward gifts of this pretty volume, they are such as fit it for a lady's boudoir, or a drawing-room table.

Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII.

UNABLE to do sufficient justice to this agreeable historical episode in our last, we now hasten to discharge our debt to the utmost we can, though not to the extent the publication merits. The mighty cardinal, as we remarked, is necessarily a conspicuous figure in these pages, and we regret to give only one brief extract concerning him.

"There is some reason to believe that Wolsey's father may have been a butcher, because the sarcasms frequently cast upon him all bore upon the meanness of that occupation. Cavendish describes him as an 'honest poore man's son,' p. 32. Fiddes discredits the notion of his being a butcher's son, and proves, by the father's will, that he was a man of some opulence. (See *Fiddes' Collect.* p. 1.) Lord Herbert, however, speaks of him as a man of *meat* birth (p. 32), and afterwards as the son of a butcher (p. 35, quoted from *Polydore Virgil*.) Wolsey was born, it is said, 1471. Parish registers were not instituted till 1535."

"The German company was the most ancient, and the richest in England; and, having made many superb presents to the English monarchs, it was generally favoured by the court. The merchant adventurers of England shared the trade with this great body, and being composed entirely of Englishmen, enjoyed the good will of the people. But while both Henry the Seventh and his son encouraged foreigners to settle in the kingdom, and endeavoured to establish a facility of intercourse with other

nations, they carefully protected the interests of the English merchants, and even occasionally lent them sums of money; yet, notwithstanding this attention to trade, it certainly was so little understood at this period, that the English traders, finding that the money exported far exceeded that imported by the foreign merchants, endeavoured to obviate this evil by the following expedient:—they persuaded Henry the Seventh to enact laws compelling all traders, whether foreign or native, to import in every ship a certain quantity of bullion in proportion to the value of the other goods, and to lay out that coin or bullion in the commodities of the country, forbidding any bullion to be exported. In this scheme, however, the merchants overlooked the important circumstance, that when the value of the imports exceeds that of the exports, the balance must be paid in precious metals; nor could any laws take effect, or prevent this inevitable result. Henry the Eighth was not possessed of the sound judgment of his father, nor of his knowledge of commercial affairs; but he clearly saw how essential to his interests, and how conducive to his importance, was the extension and improvement of trade; with all his good intentions, his pleasures, perhaps, conducted more to a brisk circulation of trade than many of his laws and regulations. The display and amusements, the dress and extravagance of the court, the emulation to excel in every species of splendour, which prevailed among the nobility, and the intercourse with the French, who have always surpassed us in all that is gay and costly,—naturally occasioned an enormous demand for silks, damasks, jewels, wines, spices, and luxuries of every description. These articles were supplied chiefly by Genoese, Florentine, and Venetian merchants, to whom safe conducts and assurances of protection were given. But jealousies, in some respects well founded, and justified by insults and injuries, appeared among the English merchants towards these unwelcome intruders upon their privileges. It appears to have been the intention of the British kings to divide trade between the two rival companies; but this scheme was frustrated by incessant contests, which, in the succeeding reign, ended in the abolition of the German traders as a corporation in England. At this time the hatred and envy of the English towards the foreign merchants broke out into tumult, and some time elapsed before the commotion was quelled. The insulting conduct of the unpopular party contributed greatly to increase the irritation of the citizens, and drove them almost to fury. The foreigners, boasting of the favour and protection of the king, inflicted all those insults on the English mechanics and tradesmen, that persons, accustomed themselves to subjection and to obsequious deportment, delight to offer when they have an opportunity of asserting an arrogant superiority. An instance of this oppressive insolence occurred in the case of one Williamson, a carpenter, who having purchased two stockdoves, was rudely deprived of them by a Frenchman, who declared that they 'were not meat for a carpenter.' The poor man in vain declared, that having paid for them, he had a right to regale himself; but the Frenchman ran off with them, crying out that he would take them to the French ambassador. Some opprobrious language was the natural result of this insolent and shameful conduct; the carpenter having given vent to his indignation, was sent to prison through the interest of the ambassador, who, on being sued by the mayor of the city to permit his deliverance, answered, 'that by the body of God, the English knave

should lose his life; for that no Englishman should deny what a Frenchman required: nor would he give any other reply to the intercession of the carpenter's friends.

"This occurrence, succeeded by others still more aggravating, induced a man named John Lincoln, a broker, to address a bill, posted in the streets, to Doctor Standish, a popular preacher, entreating him in his sermon, at Saint Mary Spittal on Easter Monday, to move the mayor and aldermen to take part with their fellow-citizens against the strangers: but Standish refused, alleging that the matter was not proper for a discourse of religious matters. Lincoln, not discouraged by this rebuff, had recourse to one Doctor Bele, a canon of the church of Saint Mary Spittal, and to him he represented the distressed state of the English artificers; that their complaints had been presented to the council, but had been denied a hearing; that the foreign tradesmen residing in the suburbs, in Southwark, Westminster, Holborn, Temple Bar, Saint Martin's, Algate, and Tower Hill, intercepted the best articles of traffic before they could be brought into the markets; that the Dutchmen imported nails, iron, wainscot ready prepared, baskets, tables, chairs, and other household implements, so that the English had no opportunity of trafficking in this branch. 'Their number,' added Lincoln, 'was so great,' that one Sunday in Lent 'he saw six hundred foreigners shooting at the popinjay with cross-bows, and, from the ascendancy which the size of their party gave them, winning from their opponents large sums of money to put into their common box.'

The great disturbances which marked the famous "Evil-May day" were consequent upon this strange state of parties—some foreigners were murdered, and some of the mob hanged.

"The subject of banquets is too closely connected with the habits of Henry and of his court, to be entirely passed over. Those of this reign were more celebrated for their splendour and profusion, than any which had been given or witnessed by the predecessors of Henry. In treating, therefore, of his amusements and customs in social life, it is requisite to have some acquaintance with the mode in which these entertainments were conducted, in order to form a correct idea of those pleasures in which this versatile prince delighted,—pleasures, from which many of the arts and improvements of modern times may be supposed, in a great measure, to have originated, which, by dissipating the contents of the royal coffers, led to important results, and to which the rapid advancement of commerce at this period has been, with justice, attributed.

"There were few of the fashionable amusements of the day more likely to diminish the resources of the royal purse than the banquet of olden times. In the sixteenth century, it was usually an early supper, at six or seven o'clock in the evening, and was composed of the most substantial and costly viands that the royal parks or forests could supply: every festivity, every solemn occasion of business or of state, was closed by a feast, either at the hour of twelve, as a dinner, or early in the evening. Nor was it, in those chivalrous days, considered either well-bred or decorous to exclude the fair sex from participating in these convivialities, or to admit them merely to the tantalising privilege of being spectators; the ladies of Henry's court obtained a share in this, as in every species of diversion, and were not only allowed to sit as guests at the feasts, but were thought to be essential members of the company. At the palace of Wolsey, Cavendish

* The following, also, is a singular specimen of the difference of these times (*the good old times!*) from ours. "Wolsey, fearful that the subsidy would not be granted, determined upon attending personally in the debate; a mode of proceeding not at all agreeable to the commons, in general conversation; their new speaker, More, counselled him to allow Wolsey to enter with all his pomp, 'with his maces, his pillars, his pollaxes, his crosses and hat, and the great seal too'; that if a similar fault were afterwards laid to the charge of the commons, they might affirm that the numerous attendants of the cardinal had spread reports of their proceedings. The cardinal accordingly made his appearance, and addressed the house in a pompous oration; but, to his surprise, no answer was returned to this harangue, and it was with some difficulty that he could even extort a reply from Mr. Speaker, who, falling on his knees, among other excuses, declared 'that unless every one of the assembly would put into his head all their several wits, he alone was unmeet, in so weighty a matter, to make his grace answer.' Wolsey did not forgive this evasion. On the following day he met More in his gallery at Whitehall: 'Would to God, Mr. More,' said he, 'that you had been at Rome when I made you speaker.' 'Your grace not offended, so would I,' replied More, 'for then should I have seen those holy places that I have so often and so much desired.' After a few turns, in hopes of cooling the wrath of the cardinal, More began to talk of the gallery, and said, 'I like this gallery of yours, my lord, better than that of Hampton Court.' But Wolsey could not restrain his displeasure, and flung from him, being unable to make any reply, from the violence of his passion. Henry heard of these difficulties and delays with his usual impatience; and the following anecdote is related, which, though not sufficiently substantiated to be wholly credited, proves with what despotism he was considered to govern, when such conduct could be ascribed to him. Sir Edward Montagu, speaker of the commons in 1524, a sergeant at law, and chief justice, the descendant of the ancient Earls of Salisbury, and the ancestor of the present Dukes of Manchester, was supposed to have great influence in parliament. The king, it is said, sent for him, and laying his hand on the head of Montagu, who was kneeling: 'Ho!' said he, 'will they not let my bill pass? Get my bill to pass by such a time to-morrow, or else by such a time thy head will be off.' This threat, as it is stated, produced the desired effect; and by the appointed time, the wishes of the king were in part fulfilled. "Some acts in the reigns of our later kings rendered the clergy more subservient; but in the time of Edward the First, Wincley, Archbishop of Canterbury, was only, by threats of an attainder for treason, induced to accede to his sovereign the application of 'Master: a term,' says Fuller, 'with which his tongue was before unacquainted, whom neither by word or letter he would ever acknowledge under that notion.'—*Fuller's Church Hist.* p. 91.

describes them as sitting alternately with the gallants of the court; and at the feast of the Serjeants, held at Ely House in the twenty-third year of Henry's reign, Queen Katharine presided at the head of one table, and the king at another, in separate apartments.

"The party being assembled, and the king and queen seated in their chairs of state, it was the custom to begin the ceremonial of royal banquets by presenting hippocras and wafers to the sovereign and his consort. The dishes were then placed, and were frequently replenished, according to the quality and number of those assembled at the board; but the courses were always numerous, and included a considerable number and variety of viands.

"It was about this period, that the substantial character of these repasts began to give place to a greater degree of elegance in the choice of provisions. Except venison (sometimes eaten with furmenty), or pork stewed into broth, no butchers' meat was allowed to appear on table at the high-day festivals of the court, or at the palaces of the nobles: but at city feasts, or at those purely ceremonial, the baron of beef, or even the spectacle of an entire carcass, was still permitted to gladden the eyes of the hungry. At the dinner before specified, which was declared to be little inferior to the feast of a coronation, it was deemed necessary to provide twenty-four great 'beefes,' one hundred fat 'muttons,' ninety-one pigs, one carcass of an ox, besides fourteen dozen of swans, and other varieties of the feathered and funny tribe, too numerous to be detailed. As the female members of a company are usually critics in the more delicate minutiae of the culinary art, our ancestors did not fail to intersperse their banquets with intricate confectionary, in which their skill appears to have been by no means despicable. The 'subtleties,' so frequently specified by the chroniclers of the period, were devices made with jellies or sweetmeats, and placed in the centre of the table for ornament; and, in order to be consistent with that taste for symbolical display which then prevailed, they were frequently intended to convey particular meanings, couched in corresponding mottoes; a chain of gold, or a crown, according to the dignity of the president of the feast, usually surmounting these skilful contrivances. Between the courses, and after the feast, the attendants presented to the company services of fruit, butter, spiced cakes, hard cheese, and sweetmeats; and in these intervals the introduction of music and songs filled up the pauses in conversation; and pageants, mumming, and dancing, were sometimes contrived to vary the monotonous pleasures of the table.

"In enumerating the luxuries of the ancient banquet, it must not be supposed that wine, that requisite of convivial scenes, was wanting to complete its allurements. We have seen in what profusion the Rhenish wines were distributed to the multitudes who thronged to view the festivities of the court, on various public occasions; and it may easily be supposed how common the use of such an article must have been, to have authorised so liberal a distribution to the populace. The consumption of wine, although prodigious, appears, however, to have been regulated in the houses of our nobility and monarchs with scrupulous attention to economy, notwithstanding the low value of those most in general use. Henry the Eighth bestowed considerable attention upon the article of wine, and by several statutes endeavoured to restrain the increased prices of 'Malmsey, romaneis, or runney, sack, and other sweet wines,' which

were fixed at twelve pence the gallon, sixpence the bottle, three-pence the half pint, &c., upon pain of forfeiting three shillings and four-pence for every gallon sold at a higher sum. Moreover, the lords chancellor and treasurer, the president of the council, the lord privy seal, and two justices, were appointed to fix the valuation of all wines in gross; and this commission was afterwards by act of parliament extended to the power of mitigating or enhancing the prices of wines sold also by retail.

"The wines most in use at this period appear to have been Malmsey, Rhenish, and the wines of Gascony and of Guienne; which last were introduced into England at the time when part of the French dominions surrendered to the British arms: besides these, it has been decided that the Champagne vintage was already in great repute; and among others who estimated its productions, Henry the Eighth is numbered, and is even stated to have held one of the vineyards of Ay in his own hands; sack, that still unexplained object of antiquarian inquiry, was also one of the luxuries of this age. At coronations or banquets it was, however, invariably the custom to dilute the genuine wines, and to cover the harshness and acidity which they possessed by mixing them with honey or with spices. 'Thus compounded,' says a modern writer on the subject, 'they passed under the generic name of piments, because they were originally prepared by the *pimentarii* or apothecaries, and they were used much in the same manner as the *liqueurs* of modern times.' The varieties of piment chiefly introduced at the banquets of our kings, were hippocras, so called from the bag termed 'Hippocrates' sleeve,' through which it was strained; and clarry, or clarre, a claret, or mixed wine, mingled with honey, and frequently drunk as a composing draught, by persons who were on the point of retiring to rest. These beverages, especially hippocras, were deemed too expensive to be distributed on ordinary occasions, nor do they appear from the accounts given by our chroniclers, to have been presented more than once during the feast. Metheglin or mead, braket, a composition of ale or honey, and ale, a very ancient drink in this country, were chiefly used for private persons and domestics.

"Perhaps that feature of monachism which most insured the favour of the people, was the constant hospitality maintained at these monasteries, and which extended its invitations to every class of society, from the nobleman to the beggar. In every monastery of importance, a large room or guest-hall, surrounded with sleeping apartments, was appropriated for the reception of travellers, who were allowed to remain two days and two nights as visitors, but were expected, if they continued after that time, and were in health, to conform to the rule of the house. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, inns were not frequent, and where they did exist, they presented a scene of dirt and wretchedness which was scarcely tolerable even in those days of comparative indifference to cleanliness. Erasmus, who had a national susceptibility on this point, has spoken very forcibly on the miseries of an English inn at that period. It was, therefore, a most acceptable resource to travellers of all ranks, to enter within the secure and commodious precincts of a monastery, where they were sure of good fare, and a comfortable lodging. Even the nobility, when on their journeys, usually dined at one religious house, and supped at another."

Here, however, we must conclude, again most cordially recommending these interesting

volumes to the attention of all our readers; to whom, perhaps, we may be at liberty to hint that the portion of our history of which they treat, will, at no very distant day, have some new and extraordinary lights thrown upon it by the continued researches of Mr. Ellis. From papers which have been read by that indefatigable and intelligent gentleman at the Antiquarian Society, and from other sources, we gather, that Lord Cromwell, heretofore almost the beau ideal of historical virtue, will be proved to have been an artful knave; that Anne Boleyn's elder sister was seduced by the licentious king before, and absolutely lived in concubinage with him after, his marriage with Anne; and other very remarkable circumstances of these times.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Mirror.—In our last Gazette we incidentally noticed our pleasant little contemporary under this name. Since then the Numbers for the years 1824 and 1825, done up into four very neat and very cheap octavo volumes, full of prints, and full of entertaining reading, (both selected and original) have been sent to us in that form for observation, and we can truly say that the work is very creditable to the press. The spirit in which the *Mirror* is edited, and the judgment displayed in making the selections, deserve the encouragement which, we believe, it has experienced: and it is gratifying to see, that at the trifling expense of two-pence a week, so amusing an annual library may be obtained for the poor man's fireside; and for higher ranks too, especially their younger portions, when a brief recreation of this sort is desired.

Military Adventures.—A French serjeant, of the name of Robert Guillemaud, has just published a narrative of his adventures, from 1805 to 1823, accompanied with some curious historical documents. Taken prisoner at Trafalgar, and made secretary to Admiral Ville-neuve, he returns with the Admiral to France, and witnesses his death, which he attributes (very truly, we believe) to assassination. He is sent for by Napoleon, who interrogates him respecting the murder, but neglects (no wonder!) to order a search for its authors. Guillemaud then goes to Italy;—he is present at the siege of Stralsund;—after the destruction at Wagram of the corps to which he belongs, bends his steps towards Spain, falls into the hands of the Guerillas, and is transported to the island of Cabrera, one of the Balears; of the lives of the French prisoners in which, he paints a singular picture. He contrives to escape, and merits the cross of the Legion of Honour at the siege of Tortosa. After staying several months at Sixfour, his native village, near Toulon, he sets off for Germany, makes the Russian campaign, is taken at the battle of the Moskwa, and conveyed to Siberia. The peace of 1814 restores him to France. He joins, in March 1815, the royal army of the south, is present at Lyons during the disturbances which preceded the capitulation of that city, and, repairing to Nismes, escapes, almost by miracle, from the general assassination of the Protestants and the military. Returning to Toulon, he assists in the escape of Murat, follows him into Corsica, and on his expedition to the coasts of Calabria; afterwards re-enters the French army, and makes the campaign of 1823 in Catalonia, where he is once more taken prisoner. Finally, after having been in numerous instances on the point of obtaining the

epaulette, he retires to his native village, whence his memoirs are dated. The historical documents published in the notes of this extraordinary recital, contain some curious details, hitherto little known, especially respecting the death of King Joachim.

Woodstock: Remarks and Illustrations.

IN our Review of *Woodstock* we had occasion to shew how nearly some of the author's descriptions resembled those related in the interesting account of Charles's concealment after the battle of Worcester, in the little volume entitled *Boscobel*. Indeed it was hardly possible for any writer to improve upon that genuine and simple narrative, which has been the foundation of several dramas and poems, none of which have excelled the original. In the novel, the chief effort seems to have been to paint the most striking portraits possible of Cromwell and the King; and, as accessories in grouping, to surround them with well-drawn subordinate characters and appropriate scenery. Cromwell, where he does appear, is elaborated in the artist's best manner; and how faithfully he has traced the lineaments of that bold hypocrite may readily be seen in all the works which treat of the period.

Cromwell's long-winded speeches, when he wanted to mystify his auditors, is a prominent part of the picture: and to illustrate its accuracy, we will transcribe a short example, not from one of the late and unneeded biographies of that personage, but from a publication nearer to his era, and, as we think, more authentic than any since; viz. "The Life of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector, &c. Printed for J. Brotherton, at the Bible, next the Fleece Tavern, in 1724." Among its many facts, it states that, in 1652, Cromwell, in a conference with Commissioner Whitelocke, says—"Your lordship hath observed most truly the inclinations of the officers of the army to particular factions, and to murmurings, that they are not rewarded according to their deserts; that others who have adventured have gained most, and they have neither profit nor preferment, nor place in government, which others hold, who have undergone no hardships or hazards for the Commonwealth; and herein they have too much of truth, yet their insolence is very great, and their influence upon the private soldiers works them to the like discontents and murmurings. Then, as for the members of parliament, the army begins to have a strange distaste against them, and I wish there were not too much cause of it; and really their pride, and ambition, and self-seeking, ingrossing all places of honour and profit to themselves and their friends, and their daily breaking forth into new and violent factious parties and factions; their delays of business and design to perpetuate themselves, and to continue the power in their own hands; their meddling in private matters between party and party, contrary to the institution of parliaments; and their injustice and partiality in those matters, and the scandalous lives of some of the chief of them: these things, my lord, do give too much ground for people to open their mouths against them, and to dislike them. Nor can they be kept within the bounds of justice, and law or reason, they themselves being the supreme power of the nation, liable to no account to any, nor to be controlled or regulated by any other power, there being none superior or co-ordinate with them. So that unless there be some authority and power, so full and so high, as to restrain and keep things in better order,

and that may be a check to these exorbitancies, it will be impossible, in human reason, to prevent our ruin."

We quote only a small portion of this colloquy; but it is sufficient to shew what a master of verbiage old Noll was, and how implicitly Sir Walter Scott has copied his notorious historical characteristics.

Clarendon's details of the evasion of Charles, though derived from his own mouth after the restoration, are not so ample nor so particular as they are in other statements perfectly entitled to credit. From this author, however, and from the curious volume, "Printed for Henry Bell, 1660, *The Royal Martyr*, or King Charles the First, no Man of Blood," as well as from *Boscobel* and other publications, it may not be useless to observe, that his Majesty never went near Woodstock, and indeed, after his "sufferings and solitudes" with the Penderells and about Bristol, spent only a few days near Salisbury, and on the coast of Sussex, previous to his embarkation. This we mention because popular plays and novels tend much to confound historical truths, or rather those matters which the world consents to receive as such; and therefore to prevent any of our readers from being carried away with the fancy that Woodstock succeeded the Royal Oak as a kindly hiding-place, we beg to notice that his sacred Majesty never approached that part of the country. But if the author had no authority for carrying the king to Woodstock, he has a very minute authority for the demon gambols which he dwells upon as having been practised there on the Commissioners appointed by the Parliament to dispark and sequester that park and mansion. Plot, in his gossiping and amusing *History of Oxfordshire*, in the chapter of "Men and Women," falls into ghost stories, and thus sayeth—

"Amongst such unaccountable things as these, we may reckon the strange passages that happened at Woodstock in anno 1649, in the Manor-house there, when the commissioners for surveying the Manor-House, park, deer, woods, and other the demesnes belonging to that manor, sat and lodged there: whereof having several relations put into my hands, and one of them written by a learned and faithful person then living upon the place, which being confirmed to me by several eye-witnesses of many of the particulars, and all of them by one of the commissioners themselves, who ingenuously confest to me, that he could not deny but what was written by that person above mention'd was all true; I was prevail'd upon at last to make this relation publick (though, I must confess, I have no esteem for such kind of stories, many of them, no question, being perform'd by combination), which I have taken care to do as fully, yet as briefly as may be.

"October the 13th, 1649, the commissioners, with their servants, being come to the Manor-House, they took up their lodging in the king's own rooms, the bed-chamber and withdrawing-room; the former whereof they made their kitchen; the council-hall, their brew-house; the chamber of presence, their place of sitting to dispatch business; and a wood-house of the dining-room, where they laid the wood of that ancient standard in the High-Park, known of all by the name of the King's Oak, which (that nothing might remain that had the name of king affixed to it) they digged up by the roots. October the 14. and 15th, they had little disturbance; but on the 16th there came, as they thought, somewhat into the bed-chamber where two of the commissioners and

their servants lay, in the shape of a dog, which, going under their beds, did, as it were, gnaw the bed-cords; but on the morrow finding them whole, and a quarter of beef which lay on the ground untouched, they began to entertain other thoughts.

"October 17th, something, to their thinking, removed all the wood of the King's Oak out of the dining-room into the presence-chamber, and hurled the chairs and stools up and down the room; from whence it came into the two chambers where the commissioners and their servants lay, and hoisted up their bed's feet so much higher than the head's, that they thought they should have been turned over and over, and then let them fall down with such a force, that their bodies rebounded from the bed a good distance, and then shook the bedsteads so violently, that themselves confest their bodies were sore with it. October 18, something came into the bed-chamber and walkt up and down, and, fetching the warming-pan out of the withdrawing-room, made so much a noise that they thought five bells could not have made more. And October 19, trenchers were thrown up and down the dining-room, and at them that lodg'd there, whereof one of them, being shaken by the shoulder and awakened, put forth his head to see what was the matter, but had trenchers thrown at it. October 20, the curtains of the bed in the withdrawing-room were drawn to and fro, and the bedstead much shaken, and eight great pewter dishes and three dozen of trenchers thrown about the bed-chamber again, whereof some fell upon the beds: this night they also thought whole armfuls of the wood of the King's Oak had been thrown down in their chambers; but of that, in the morning, they found nothing had been moved.

"October 21. The keeper of their ordinary and his bitch lay in one of the rooms with them; which night they were not disturbed at all. But October 22, though the bitch kennel'd there again (to whom they ascribed their former night's rest), both they and the bitch were in a pitiful taking; the bitch opening but once, and that with a whining fearful yelp. October 23, they had all their cloaths pluckt off them in the withdrawing-room, and the bricks fell out of the chimney into the room; and the 24th, they thought, in the dining-room, that all the wood of the King's Oak had been brought thither and thrown down close by their bed-side, which noise being heard by those of the withdrawing-room, one of them rose to see what was done, fearing indeed that his fellow-commissioners had been killed, but found no such matter; whereupon, returning to his bed again, he found two dozen of trenchers thrown into it, and handsomely covered with the bed-cloaths.

"October 25. The curtains of the bed in the withdrawing-room were drawn to and fro, and the bedstead shaken as before; and in the bed-chamber, glass flew about so thick (and yet not a pane of the chamber windows broken) that they thought it had rained money; whereupon they lighted candles, but, to their grief, they found nothing but glass, which they took up in the morning and laid together. October 26. Something walked in the withdrawing-room about an hour, and going to the window, opened and shut it; then going into the bed-chamber, it threw great stones for about half an hour's time, some whereof lighted on the high bed, and others on the truckle bed, to the number in all of about four score. This night there was also a very great noise, as though forty pieces of ordnance had been shot off to-

gether; at two several knocks it astonished all the neighbouring dwellers, which, 'tis thought, might have been heard a great way off. During these noises, which were heard in both rooms together, both commissioners and servants were struck with so great horror, that they cried out to one another for help, whereof one of them, recovering himself out of a strange agony he had been in, snatch'd up a sword, and had like to have killed one of his brethren coming out of his bed in his shirt, whom he took for the spirit that did the mischief. However, at length they got all together, yet the noise continued so great and terrible, and shook the walls so much, that they thought the whole manor would have fell on their heads. At its departure it took all the glass away with it.

"November 1. Something, as they thought, walked up and down the withdrawing-room, and then made a noise in the dining-room. The stones that were left before, and laid up in the withdrawing-room, were all fetch'd away this night, and a great deal of glass (not like the former) thrown about again. November 2. Came something into the withdrawing-room, ureading (as they conceived) much like a bear, which first only walking about a quarter of an hour; at length it made a noise about the table, and threw the warming-pan so violently that it quite spoiled it. It threw also glass and great stones at them again, and the bones of horses, and all so violently that the bedsted and walls were bruised by them. This night they set candles all about the rooms, and made fires up to the mantle-trees of the chimneys; but all were put out, no body knew how; the fire and billets that made it being thrown up and down the rooms; the curtains torn with the rods from their beds, and the bed-posts pull'd away, that the tester fell down upon them, and the feet of the bedsted cloven in two; and upon the servants in the truckle bed, who lay all this time sweating for fear, there was first a little, which made them begin to stir, but before they could get out there came a whole coule, as it were, of stinking ditch-water down upon them, so green, that it made their shirts and sheets of that colour too.

"The same night the windows were all broke by throwing of stones, and there was most terrible noises in three several places together, to the extraordinary wonder of all that lodged near them; nay, the very cony stealers that were abroad that night were so affrighted with the dismal thundering, that for haste they left their ferret in the cony boroughs behind them, beyond Rosamond's Well. Notwithstanding all this, one of them had the boldness to ask, in the name of God, what it was? what it would have? and what they had done, that they should be disturbed in this manner? To which no answer was given, but the noise ceased for a while. At length it came again, and (as all of them said) brought seven devils worse than itself: whereupon one of them lighted a candle again, and set it between the two chambers in the doorway, on which another of them fixing his eyes saw the similitude of a hoof striking the candle and caudestick into the middle of the bed-chamber, and afterwards making three scrapes on the snuff to put it out; upon this the same person was so bold as to draw his sword, but he had scarce got it out but there was another invisible hand had hold of it too, and tugg'd with him for it, and, prevailing, struck him so violently with the pummel that he was stunn'd with the blow.

"Then began grievous noises again, in so

much that they called to one another, got together, and went into the presence-chamber, where they said prayers and sang psalms; notwithstanding all which the thundering noise still continued in other rooms. After this, November 3, they removed their lodgings over the gate; and next day being Sunday went to Ewelme, where how they escaped, the authors of the relations knew not; but returning on Monday, the devil (for that was the name they gave their nightly guest) left them not unvisited; nor on the Tuesday following, which was the last day they staid. Where ends the history (for so he was styled by the people) of the just devil of Woodstock; the commissioners and all their dependants going quite away on Wednesday; since which time, says the author that lived on the place, there have honest persons of good quality lodged in the bed-chamber and withdrawing-room, that never were disturb'd in the least like the commissioners.

"Most part of these transactions, during the stay of these commissioners, 'tis true, might be easily performed by combination, but some there are of them scarce reconcilable to juggling; such as, 1. The extraordinary noises beyond the power of man to make without such instruments as were not there; 2. The taring down and splitting the bed-posts, and putting out so many candles and so great fires no body knew how; 3. A visible shape seen of a horse's hoof treading out the candle; and 4. A tugging with one of them for his sword by an invisible hand. All which being put together, perhaps, may easily persuade some man, otherwise inclined, to believe that immaterial beings might be concern'd in this business; which, if it do, it abundantly will satisfy for the trouble of the relation, still provided the speculative Theist be not, after all, a practical Atheist."

An extremely entertaining work, *A Selection of curious Articles from the Gentleman's Magazine*,* abridging the foregoing, mentions, that these tricks were performed by one Joe Collins, alias Funny Joe, a royalist, who had procured himself to be appointed secretary to the commissioners under the name of Giles Sharp; and ascribes to combination, *pulvis fulminans*, and other contrivances, what Dr. Plot gravely thinks to have been supernatural, and what the author of *Woodstock*, so closely following the old account as to forfeit all claim to invention, puts into the management of his Dr. Rochecliffe.

Bates's *Elencus Mortuum Nuperorum in Anglia*, is another book well worth referring to by those whose curiosity may have been awakened by the new novel. He was physician to Charles I. and Charles II.; and his account of the late Troubles in England was published in 1685. But we need not go further into this subject: it is only worth while to notice the materials out of which such a production as this *Woodstock* is fashioned—*Ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius*. Upon the work itself we are not desirous of saying much in addition to our incidental remarks. In style it is very careless;† and even some of the author's *dicta* partake of similar negligence. Little John, the famous follower of Robin Hood, was so called, humourously, because he was about seven feet high; and yet, at page 23, vol. I., Sir W. Scott, who could not readily have mistaken this piece of antiquarian and romantic tradition, tells us that Tomkins was "short of stature, a squat,

broad, Little-John sort of figure." By looking at the conclusion of the second volume and the beginning of the third, it will appear that the author, in his rapid mode of making books, had forgotten the former, and did not take the trouble to refer to it, before he wrote the latter. A combat "broken off" is, by this negligence, renewed again, and again broken off. Such things are of little consequence; but the public ought to be more considered, even if future fame were nothing. Many points are out of keeping. Holdenough, a religious fanatic, talks of Everard's being the most welcome visitor to Woodstock "since the days of old King Harry;" a phrase more apposite to the sturdy knight Sir Henry Lee. Devils are, oddly enough, called the "natural children of perdition," the meaning of which we do not comprehend; and at page 162, vol. II., Rosamond's fountain is spoken of as "a moss-covered ruin" and antiquity "of the sixteenth century"—the writer seeming not to have remembered that he was describing it as it appeared in 1651, when it could not be so very ancient a concern as at the time he wrote, 1826. At page 329, Charles is made to tell a parcel of lies—that he was the son of a Scottish nobleman who was mortally wounded and made prisoner at Worcester fight—that he took leave of him, and gave him a ring, &c. &c.—all which is notoriously false,—and yet the very next paragraph begins—"In this it may be necessary to say Charles spoke very truly!"

But while we point at these slips, because we are of opinion that the author owes more to himself than to suffer them so carelessly to occur, we hope we are not misunderstood as attaching any importance to them as blemishes. If we did so, we could easily counterbalance them by quoting admirable bits, worthy of perpetual memory. Such is not our intention; and though we do not rank *Woodstock* very high among the northern novels, we bid it good bye with cordial good will.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Purto, May 1826.

On the last Monday in April the Institute held its annual meeting of the four Academies. Messrs. Cuvier and D. de la Malle were the only two members, who distinguished themselves. The latter is the son of the celebrated author of the same name, who has given us the excellent translations of Tacitus and Sallust. The son's genius seems to be of a lighter order; he published *Travels in the Alps*, some fugitive Poetry, and a highly curious Memoir, in which he proves that the Roman guides have for ages mistaken the position of the Tarpeian Rock. He discovered its precise situation, hidden as it is by buildings in front of it. His *Poliorectique*, or art of war amongst the Ancients, changed public opinion in his favour: the work is full of curious researches, in which he has made the knowledge of natural history serve to ascertain several very important points in the history of ancient wars. The triumphs were often sculptured on the walls of the city or palace of the conqueror. The artists frequently, to designate the people, sculptured a tree or a plant peculiar to the country; and M. D. de la M. is, we believe, the first who availed himself of this fact, to penetrate into the labyrinth of events anterior to this period of history.

The discourse pronounced on Monday is extracted from a work he is preparing for the press, on the population and the products of Italy, from the remotest periods to the present day.

* 3 vols. 8vo. 1809. Longman and Co.

† Short is a pet word—so is harsh, occurring sometimes twice in two sequent sentences; &c. &c. &c. &c.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR APRIL, AND
KALENDAR FOR MAY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unusual severity of the weather, the young corn crops look vigorous and healthy; that they are in a less forward state than usual at this season, is neither to be wondered at nor much regretted. All annual plants are liable to become etiolated if the weather be such as to cause them to grow rapidly immediately after their germination. Annuals in a state of nature, such as weeds, afford a striking proof of what we have advanced: the seeds of those which have been dropped late in autumn, come up as early as the weather will permit in the following spring; owing to the cold weather, they grow very slowly at first, but in the course of the summer become plants of extraordinary vigour. On the other hand, seeds of annuals, which have been dropped in the course of the summer, vegetate during the warmth of that season, come up slender in form, and seem rapidly to flower and seed, without ever attaining great strength. Take, for example, the chickweed or groundsel in flower in May, and the same plants in flower late in autumn.

But the most remarkable feature of the present season, is the suitability of the weather for agricultural labours; spring corn never was got in in better style; and very seldom indeed have the preparations for potato planting and turnip sowing been so complete: there can hardly be such a thing on a well-managed farm as a root-weed in either turnip or naked fallows.

The operations for May are, turnip sowing, and in late districts, the planting of potatoes; all drill crops should now be cleaned between the rows, and broad-cast corn crops weeded by hand. Sown grasses and meadows are now harrowed, hand-picked, and rolled in preparation for the sith, where these operations were not performed last month. Every description of country labour being in a state of forwardness, the cultivator has only to sit down and wait for heat and moisture, the grand agents of vegetation.

GARDENING REPORT.

THE past month has been one of the coldest and driest that has occurred for many years, and the gardens in the neighbourhood of London have suffered more than the oldest gardener can remember. In the nurseries, not only have the azalias, magnolias, and other American plants, had the points of their shoots nipped and blackened, but the common and Portugal laurel, laurustinas, walnut, and similar trees, have suffered in the same way. In the market gardens the winter crop of peas has been entirely destroyed,—those sown in spring are coming into bloom, but advance very slowly. In private gardens, both peas and beans that have been transplanted have been in bloom for upwards of a fortnight, but making no progress whatever. Where wall-fruit has not been protected by netting, or otherwise, the blossom has been so much injured as to prevent its setting; and in some places where the apricots have been set, they have been frosted, and dropped off. Some sorts of apples, whose blossoms are not yet expanded, have the best chance, but these sorts are not numerous. Cherry blossom has been severely injured. A late season, such as this, is well calculated to shew the advantage of cultivating the earliest varieties of the more useful culinary vegetables, provided these varieties be at the same time hardy. In com-

paring the crops of cabbage in a number of market gardens, we every where find the sort called the *emperor cabbage*, from a fortnight to three weeks before the upsal and other early varieties. There is a particular variety of frame pea, which, though sown a month later than the common sort, yet comes into bloom ten days earlier; it is a new sort not yet on sale. There is also another new early pea from Guernsey, and there is Bishop's early dwarf, peculiarly adapted for forcing, now in pod under glass without heat, and yet not eighteen inches high.

The gardening operations for May are, in the culinary department, sowing secondary crops of the commoner vegetables; peas and beans once a week, spinage once a fortnight, and kidney-beans for a main crop to come in in July. Dis-budding of peach and apricot trees should be timeously attended to, that the sap may not expand itself in superfluous shoots. To insure the setting of strawberries, it is a common practice to water them at this season, and the best time, during such cold weather as the present, is late in the evening, or in the morning before sunrise. In every department the greatest attention is required to subdue insects and destroy weeds. In this month and June these enemies of the gardener are in their greatest vigour. Lime-water (not lime and water) for the caterpillar, green fly, and earth-worms; salt water for gravel walks; powdered sulphur for mildew; and tobacco for plants in houses;—these are his resources, by their application.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Meetings of March 15 and April 4.

AT these meetings a paper was read by the Secretary, communicated by Mr. Todd, "On the services rendered to Literature by Archbishop Laud."

Whatever variety of opinions may exist upon the subject of this splendid but unfortunate prelate, either as an ecclesiastic or as a statesman, none will deny that his country is deeply indebted to him for his services as the friend and patron of learning and learned men. To the University of Oxford, at which he was educated, he especially proved himself a munificent benefactor. He presented to the Bodleian Library, at different times, nearly 1300 volumes of MSS. in various languages, chiefly Greek, Latin, and Oriental, collected in great part from the East, besides a fine and most extensive collection of Greek coins. In his letter to the university, accompanying the donation of the latter, he thus bears testimony to his own disinterestedness and zeal:—"Nummi," he says, "mihi novi sunt. Eâ in re sancto Petro ferè equalis sum. Numismata tamen quedam diuturnâ sollicitudine conquisivi." He was likewise the means of presenting to the same establishment the library of *Giacomo Barocci*, of Venice, consisting of 242 valuable Greek MSS., which were purchased for the university by Lord Pembroke, and 238 from Sir Kenelm Digby. Oxford is also indebted to its chancellor Laud for the annexation of a canonry of Christchurch to the Regius Professorship of Hebrew, and of another to the office of Public Orator—for the establishment of a learned press—for the endowment of a Professorship of Arabic, to which the celebrated orientalist Pocock was first appointed by him—for improving the relaxed discipline of the university—and for the addition of a quadrangle to St. John's College. The archbishop was also Chan-

cellor of the University of Dublin; and to his zeal that university was indebted for a new charter and new statutes; and to him the church of Ireland owes not only the gift of all the impropriations then remaining in the crown, but the introduction into it of men who were the glory of their times: such, for instance, as the learned Primate Bramhall, Bishop Bedell, and the eloquent Jeremy Taylor. Among the eminent characters who enjoyed his patronage in England, were Juxon, Sanderson, Selden, Whitlocke, Heylin, Twyne, Pocock, Chillingworth, and Hales; and, among foreigners, Vossius and the younger Casaubon.

Mr. Todd concludes his paper with a notice of the extensive learning and eminent controversial talents of Laud. He also appeared in print as a poet.

Meeting of April 19.

THE paper read on this occasion was "On the Religion and Divination of Socrates." By Mr. Archdeacon Nares.

Upon this interesting subject, which has been the occasion of so much discussion, an Essay was published by the archdeacon some years ago, expressing opinions which, though not universally approved by the learned in this country, have been since so powerfully supported and elucidated by the celebrated Professor Schweighœuser, of Strasburgh, in his two Dissertations upon the Theology and Character of the Greek Philosopher, as to induce Mr. Nares to adopt the present mode of again recurring to them. Both the archdeacon and M. Schweighœuser adopt, as the exclusively satisfactory authority for the opinion of Socrates, the testimony of his faithful disciple Xenophon. The idea of Socrates with regard to divination, was, that in matters of difficulty and importance, the Gods would not refuse to give intimations, if properly consulted. But, although he did not disapprove of the modes of divination then in use, regarding the birds and other objects employed in them as no more than unconscious instruments, he spoke of the Divinity himself as giving the intimation, under the name of *τὸ Δαιμόνιον*,—which expression, though intended to signify the Divine Power generally, as synonymous with *θεός*, *ὁ θεός*, *το θεόν*, was misrepresented by his enemies, as if he had declared that such intimations were given to him by a deity peculiar to himself. The sum of the theology of Socrates appears to have been this: he considered the names of the gods worshipped in Greece to be only so many personifications of the several energies and attributes of the One Supreme Being; and, regarding the adoration of them in this light, he sincerely worshipped them according to the established rites of his country.

General Anniversary Meeting, April 28. Further Particulars.

IN consequence of the absence of the Right Rev. President, from some accidental cause, (one o'clock having been named in the circular notices as the hour of commencing the business of this meeting), at half-past one o'clock Mr. Archdeacon Nares, one of the Vice-Presidents, was called to the chair.

After some customary preliminaries, the Secretary brought forward his annual report of the progress and present state of the society. He adverted, in the first place, to the increase of its numbers: more than thirty names had been added to the society's list since the last anniversary. The state of the funds was improved in proportion. From the annual account, lately given in by the auditors, it appears that, although an extraordinary expense of upwards of £300 has been incurred, in the course of the

past year, for obtaining the charter, there not only is a balance remaining in the Treasurer's hands, nearly equal to that which was left on the preceding year; but the Council has felt itself at liberty to transfer £300 to the fund now forming for the erection of a house for the society; and it is proposed annually to appropriate a like sum to that purpose, till the building (for which a grant of land has been assigned by the Crown) shall be completed. Nearly two thousand pounds had already been subscribed among a very small portion of the members; and, therefore, as the society declines all competition, both in respect to splendour and extent of accommodation, with such public bodies as have provided, or are providing themselves with establishments upon a magnificent scale, there was little reason to doubt that their object would be accomplished, with ease, by inviting a subscription from the members at large.

The report then gave an epitome of the various literary communications, thirteen in number, which have been read since last year's anniversary meeting; and of which some account has already been, from time to time, presented to our readers in the *Literary Gazette*.

A volume of Transactions was announced as in the press; but the nature of the subjects and typography is such, that some time must elapse before the publication can be ready for delivery.

The medals were adjudged as stated in our last. At two o'clock the President arrived, and succeeded the Archdeacon in the chair. His lordship read an address to the meeting: the topics noticed in the beginning of which were the same as those previously brought forward by the Secretary. Upon the subject of publications undertaken by the society, his lordship stated, that a part of the work on Hieroglyphics, now continued under its auspices, was nearly ready. As connected with those discoveries in literature contemplated in the plan of the society, his lordship then referred to the posthumous treatise of Milton, lately published, *De Religione Christiana*, which, he argued, from external and internal evidence—from the occupations and known opinions of Milton—from references in the work itself, irreconcilable with the poet's circumstances—and from the total want of satisfactory proofs of genuineness, was not, and could not have been, written by the author of *Paradise Lost*. It is his lordship's opinion that the writer of the work in question was some German divine. In conclusion, his lordship adverted, in terms of affectionate eulogy, to the loss which the Royal Society of Literature had sustained by the decease of the venerable Bishop of Durham. That excellent prelate, among the many proofs, with which his life had abounded, of an inextinguishable zeal for the advancement of letters, had been an earnest well-wisher and munificent promoter of the society from its first establishment. During the delivery of this affectionate and deserved tribute to the memory of his venerated friend, his lordship was so overcome by emotion as to be unable to proceed.

The thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted to the Right Rev. the President for his general attention to the interests of the society, and, in particular, for the ability with which he had presided upon the present occasion. The assembly then broke up.

OXFORD, May 6.—On Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. F. Lewis, University College. *Masters of Arts*.—Rev. C. G. Cotes, Christ Church. Grand Compounder; Rev. G. Inge, Fellow of All Souls' College; Rev. J. E. Austen, Craven Scholar, Rev.

R. H. Tripp, Exeter College; Rev. P. Perring, T. Heben, Oriel College; Rev. J. A. Anson, Brasenose College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. Taylor, Worcester College; W. S. Hadley, Queen's College; F. H. Groswell, Scholar of Brasenose College; J. Burgess, St. John's College.

The Greek Professor at Cambridge has given notice of his intention of lecturing in the next Lent Term on *ÆSCHYLUS*.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION.—ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE accumulation of works of art is such, that were our remarks to extend far beyond the limits assigned to them in our *Gazette*, it would be impossible to do justice to the claims of all that are deserving of notice.

We must confine our observations, therefore, to those productions out of which (either from the style or the subject) may arise matter of a character more particularly calculated to demand attention.

109. *Portrait of the Right Honourable George Canning*. Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.—Pictures should speak for themselves, more especially those of the class to which this performance belongs. But (without being critical) we may be allowed to express our admiration of a work of art, in which the united talents of the individual portrayed, and those of the artist, so powerfully excite it; and we hardly know on which most to fix our regard, that of the fine resemblance, the choice of the attitude, or the skillful execution of the painting throughout. The only deficiency in this remarkable portrait is in the expression about the mouth. It must indeed be difficult for any artist to catch and fix on canvass the eloquent play which distinguishes this feature in the countenance of the eminent original; and to a certain degree Sir T. L. has failed. Still it is a noble example of British art, worthy of Vandyke himself.

72. *Cologne, the Arrival of a Packet-Boat: Evening*. J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—We can only interpret the language of this painting as we would the bravura of music, where a stress is laid on the execution of the almost unattainable, rather than on those of an harmonious and natural concord of sweet sounds. Having touched every natural key in the scale of art, Mr. Turner is determined to become attractive by the violence of his powers; yet, amidst all this glitter and gaud of colours, it is impossible to shut our eyes to the wonderful skill, and to the lightness and brilliancy which he has effected: so that had the subject been a fairy scene, we should have regarded it with admiration, nor, as now, lamented that it was any thing but natural. In 132. *Forum Romanum*, by the same hand, we are more reconciled to the style and colouring. The artist, we can readily perceive, has combated a very difficult quality of art, in giving solidity without strong and violent opposition of light and shade; indeed this seems to be a growing practice, as may be seen in many recent works of art. What we have most to complain of, is the want of keeping. The arch is little better than the frame of a picture; and the architecture is huddled together below it, instead of appearing in distant perspective. Mr. Turner, in both the above, seems to have sworn eternal fidelity to the *Yellow Dwarf*, if he has not identified himself with that important necromancer. He must be the author of garboge light. There is yet, however, another of Mr. Turner's pictures that is truly attractive, from its lightness and simplicity, 324.

165. *Dutch Fishing-Boats running foul, in*

the endeavour to board, and missing the painter-ropes. A. W. Calcott, R.A.—We are well assured that no preventive-service man can have been more diligent on the look-out than has our artist for incidents of the nature of which his subject is composed; and we cannot doubt for a moment but that he was personally a witness of the scene he so powerfully delineated. The circumstances under which the boats' crew appear to labour, create no ordinary interest in the mind of the spectator, from the danger and hazard connected with the accident. Of the executive part of this painting, we cannot speak in terms too high. The elements of air and water have been too long objects of this artist's study, for him not to be familiar with their various effects; and his practice has kept pace with the knowledge of their qualities. 102. *His Quay at Antwerp during the Fair*, exhibits a pleasing and powerful contrast, in its calm and cheerful aspect, to the painting we have just noticed.

173 and 195. *Oriental Costume, and Hindoo Antiquities on the Coromandel Coast, East Indies*. T. Daniel, R.A.—Much as we have been delighted and interested by the pencil of this artist, we never remember to have seen a more happy combination of rich and varied incident than is displayed in these performances; above all, in sky and a pearly hue of distance, it is quite enchanting. There is one bit of landscape in 173, never surpassed by ancient or modern.

—*Medora waiting the Arrival of the Corsair, from the Poem by Lord Byron*. H.W. Pickergill, R.A. Elect.—The title is omitted in our catalogue; but we recognise in this very able performance the same beautiful and appropriate sentiment which has ever distinguished the imaginative subjects of this artist's pencil. 188. *Portrait of a Lady*, exhibits also the spirit and vigour of his pencil, as displayed in his portraits, and is one of the best specimens of female grace in the Exhibition.

135. *The First Interview between the Spaniards and the Peruvians*. H. P. Briggs, A.—As a whole, this performance does not make up, as the painters term it, but in point of character and expression is inferior to none of this artist's former productions. His subject is of a nature to appeal while it interests us; and it is painful to contemplate the malignant and unfeeling ferocity of the Spaniards, prepared for, and even anticipating, the deed of blood that followed the interview. Mr. Briggs's picture, 31, of *Othello relating his Adventures*, is in the same powerful character of pencil, but exhibits a more perfect composition. Both place him in a high rank for historical composition, and do honour to these walls.

152. *Portrait of William Norris, Esq., late President of the College of Surgeons*. M. A. Shee, R.A.—In this and 74, *Portrait of Miss Moffat*, we may congratulate Mr. Shee on two of his most successful performances; the truth of nature is displayed in the first, and the added quality of grace in the last.

16. *A Fête Champêtre*. T. Stothard, R.A.—There is nothing to distinguish this performance from the former productions of the artist. Our admiration of his powers is no less than at the gaiety of a mind which, at his advanced age, can revel in scenes of fancy like these, calculated, by their loveliness, to remove us from the often dull and sad realities of life.

24. *The Choice of Paris*. W. Etty, A.—We have little to say of this painting, but that it falls short of our expectations in the talents of so good an artist as we consider Mr. Etty to be. This can only be accounted for, as one

of those lapses and inequalities which frequently mark the progress of genius both in literature and art.

WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

ATTRACTIVE and select, varied in its designs, and almost unique in the execution of many of them, this Exhibition might well be left to its own excellence for certain public attention and encouragement. This is sufficient to render any very particular details unnecessary; we shall, however, go on to specify some of the pieces that seem to call for notice, either from the treatment of the subject, or the character of its execution.

235. *A Water-Fall, with Figures.* J. Cristall.—We select this little gem from others of this artist's beautiful works, not with any very exclusive preference, but as presenting a charm to the eye, and an exercise for the poetical imagination: indeed it is easy to trace in all this artist's subjects, whether familiar or elevated, a purity of taste both in their style and treatment. He is, however, repeating himself too servilely.

32. *Annette and Lubin, &c.* H. Richter.—A more inappropriate title (if meant to glance at the story of Annette and Lubin, by Marmontel,) could not have been chosen, nor, independent of that, a worse subject. There is nothing of legitimate humour, nor any thing to laugh at, throughout the performance. The subject is altogether unworthy the pencil and talents of the artist, and in no way calculated to add to his reputation either as a moralist or a man of taste or discretion. *Annette and Lubin* is a blot upon the walls of both the Suffolk Street and Water-Colour Exhibitions.

229. *The Castle of Gloom, Clackmanan-shire.* H. Gasteneau—is a picture of uncommon effect. The artist has thrown much of high feeling into it, and as a composition he has made it equally attractive by its style and execution, without having had recourse to any expedient. It has a beautiful and poetic character, well suited to some imaginary tale or legend.

69. *A Gamekeeper, in the service of Charles Dixon, Esq.* W. Hunt.—As a portrait we know nothing of this, but as a work of art it possesses great merit. It has more of finish than some of this artist's former productions; though there was in them a looseness of breadth very delightful to our eye.

HISTORICAL PICTURE.

A PICTURE, on a large scale, of *Christ and the Centurion*, from St. Matthew, chap. viii., painted by a Mr. Marsden, is now exhibiting in the Quadrant, Regent Street. The artist is, or has been, we understand, a student of the Royal Academy, and has executed the subject for a provincial altar-piece in Norfolk; and certainly, not remembering to have seen his name among our annual exhibitors, we must say we were surprised by the ability displayed in this performance. There is much to commend in the grouping, in the costume, and in the colouring; and regarding it altogether as the production of a painter not much known to the public, yet ambitious of shining in the highest department of art, we feel it to be our duty to recommend it to notice. Such defects as we have observed we will not point out. We have heard far inferior things, by far superior names, very highly spoken of.

PICTURES.

A SPLENDID exhibition of Pictures, for sale yesterday and to-day, has gratified the lovers

of the Fine Arts at Mr. Christie's, during the present week. Lord Radstock's collection has long been celebrated as one of the finest private galleries in the kingdom; and not without just cause,—for we never saw a more enchanting room than they made when thus displayed to a single view. About 150 works, many of them the best of the best masters, excite strong feelings of admiration in every beholder: we trust that some of these productions (such as are rarely to be obtained) will be secured for our National Establishment.

ENGRAVED PRINT.

John Knox admonishing Mary Queen of Scots. Engraved by J. Burnet, from the original Picture by Wm. Allan, A.R.A., &c. R. Ackermann.

SCARCELY any event in the life of this beautiful and unfortunate queen has called forth human sympathies more than what occurred to form this subject of the artist's pencil, whose powers appear to have kept pace with every circumstance connected with the history.—As a painting, our comments and our admiration were given and expressed at the time of its exhibition at Somerset House; and as a print it has equal claims to our praise and to the attention and encouragement of the lovers of the Fine Arts, not only from the popular feeling and the interest it excites, but from its being one of the most brilliant specimens of the English school of line engraving. The expression of the characters is faithfully preserved throughout, and every variety of rich accessory, with which the painting abounded, is given with the greatest skill of execution. There is, however, a small fault in this clever performance—the head of the female attendant is hardly in keeping with the rest.

NORTHERN SOCIETY.

WE learn from the *Leeds Intelligencer* that the Northern Society for the encouragement of the Fine Arts has arranged that the Exhibition shall be opened about the second week in July, that it shall consist of pictures by ancient and modern masters, and that no picture shall be admitted with a view to sale,—[this, however, is, we think, one of the most direct modes of encouraging the arts, though, no doubt, the simple display of superior works is sufficient for the cultivation of a better taste.] Yorkshire is rich in paintings by the greatest masters, and these may, if liberally contributed by their possessors, form splendid galleries for years to come; in seeing which the public may be gratified, and the native artists improved. Ten pounds were voted to M. Holland by the directors.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LADY JANE GRAY.

"What most excited the compassion of the people was the execution of Lady Jane Gray and her husband Lord Guildford Dudley, who were involved in the punishment, though not in the guilt of this insurrection."

History of England.

DARK closed the misty day—the gloomy night came on—

The rough winds swept around the Tower with a sad, unearthly tone;

Like a funeral dirge, on the Prisoner's ear the wailing tempest came,

And she press'd her hand, almost in fear, on her cheek and brow of flame.

"The morn is charged with death," she cried; "but lesser pain that doom,

Than my heart-sickening solitude—these sounds—this maddening gloom:—

O thou whom my young heart first loved! who shared my dream-like power—

Methinks I hear thy bitter curse rise on me in this hour!

"Had we ne'er met—had not thy lot been link'd, alas! with mine,

Thou might'st have gain'd a glorious name, where arms in battle shine—

Thou might'st have died as heroes die, mid many a hostile band:—

But now, dishonour'd dost thou fall—death, from the headsman's hand!

"Thou said'st it was thy dearest wish to see me once again—

This to deny thee, love, increased still more my bosom's pain:

But ah! to know what I must know—to feel what I must feel,

Brings more of cureless agony than words may e'er reveal.

"Dudley, farewell! to us on earth a stormy course is given,

Yet know there is for breaking hearts a home of peace in heaven:

Keep we this hope—though dread our path, it must be firmly trod—

Thou! in that wild, subduing hour, be with me, O my God!"

It is the morn that heavily looks from the sombre sky—

No sun beams forth a cheering ray, no warbling bird wings by—

The dim land mourns the banish'd sounds of morning's wonted mirth—

O! surely yon mysterious Heaven holds converse now with earth!

There is a deep, hoarse murmuring heard—a multitude have met,

They speak of one whose star of life for ever more hath set—

They speak of her heroic mind—of her yet tender years—

Her loveliness, no grief could mar—and cannot stay their tears.

But what to her may now avail the sorrow here exprest?

The woes which rack'd her soul are past—her weary heart finds rest:

All earth has vanish'd like a dream the sleeper long wish'd o'er,

And nought of mortal hate or love may ever reach her more!

May 2, 1836.

C. S.—x.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PAUL PRY ON HIS TRAVELS.—Letter VI.

I AM very fond of the number three, as I believe all would-be-great men in all ages have been. Every thing may be divided into it—every thing has a beginning, middle, and end—every thing a top, middle, and bottom: if you want examples, take the head, body, and legs; the coat, waistcoat, and breeches—I believe I should say pantaloons, for, to the disgrace of taste and good breeding, every gentleman is now at table, the drawing-room, and ball-room, but a shippared pantaloon. But if I go on I shall thrice forget that I am on the number three, and I am afraid your readers will say to me as a lady said to a mortal long story-teller—and who, therefore, has been called *Long Acre*—"Pray sir, don't interrupt yourself." Well, to the point at once. A Frenchman in the course of twenty-four hours performs three characters. He is a political quid

nunc all the morning, an epicure or a glutton at dinner; and a butterfly in the evening—chrysalis, grub, and imago: every thing by turns, and nothing long. I was introduced to M. de P—. His appearance was disgusting; he was a mass of dirt and filth, and would—as Rivarol said of his namesake—"if he fell, stain the mud." But he is a man of title, and can talk of his chateaus and hotels, his horses and his pleasures—great things here, as well as elsewhere. It was my misfortune to be chained to his car one mortal tedious day. In the morning he did nothing but talk of Turkey, Egypt, and Greece: he hoped the troops of Ibrahim Pacha would find their graves before Missolonghi. This was all to make *au jaser*, as the French say; for I was told that every word he heard as to the hopes and resources of the Greeks, went direct to the minister, and thence, God knows where. He condescended to dine with me. "Are you fond of oysters, Mr. Pry?" "I like them extremely." "Waiter, bring two *cloyers* of oysters, and open them in the room.—I always have oysters opened in the room,—they are done more carefully, and are not *paved* by dirty hands." I lifted up my eyes. I expected a *cloyer* meant a *plate*, though I had never heard it called by that name before. In a few minutes appeared two immense baskets of oysters. I stared, and asked, "What are these?" "Two *cloyers* of oysters, sir, fresh from Cancale." My oyster-eater rubbed his hands and fell to, interrupting the operation now and then, by emptying a tumbler of delicious *haut Barsac*, or *Chablis*. "Mr. Pry," said he, "I find you are no oyster eater." "Yes, sir, I can manage eight or ten oysters." "Dozens, do you mean?" "Single oysters." "Ha, ha, ha! why I can eat you fifty or sixty dozen." "Pshaw! I defy you." "Eh, you defy me, do you!—Waiter, bring two more *cloyers* (that will be enough), and hark ye, have the *tête de veau au puits certain* ready in three quarters of an hour.—I am sorry, Mr. Pry, you do not relish the good things of this world, not even oysters. Now do you know that the Athenians were excessively fond of them, and I love every thing Grecian, save the black broth of Sparta. I am fond of cookery and politics. The history of cookery is the history of the world. Man begins with seeking necessities; when he obtains those, he aspires to comforts, and these being secured, he pants after luxuries. The history of cookery is the history of civilisation, and where the former has attained a considerable degree of perfection, civilisation has always kept pace with it. Look at the Romans: their chiefs began by roasting turnips in the ashes. Cookery and civilisation were then in their infancy—they went hand in hand." "Pray sir," looking at his dirty shirt, "pray sir, were the Romans very cleanly in their persons?" "Cleanly, sir; they had neither shirts nor stockings. At table they had neither napkins, forks, nor plates, nor even a glass to drink out of. Their wines were hung up in skins to dry, as they smoke hams at Strassburg; and when they gave a feast they cut away a part of the skin, steeped it in water; and the puddle they called wine,—for they had no glass bottles." I only got this information piecemeal, a word or two between every gulp of oysters. At length he completed his forty-seventh dozen, and had drank three bottles of white wine, and squeezed dry half a dozen lemons: this he called laying a foundation for dinner. "I am no oyster eater," he added; "it would do your heart good to see my friend

the Abbé M.—eat oysters; he will clear you off a hundred dozen in less time than I could eat twenty." After the soup came the *calf's head of a certain well*, as one of our translators does it into English. It is a most delicious dish, and I strongly recommend it to the citizens of London, to alternate with turtle. I will not give the nomenclature of all our dishes, but the eyes of my hero glistened at the sight of a *cog vierge* from Normandy, which he protested was an immense improvement upon the Roman capon, and denoted a much higher degree of civilisation. He continued talking. "What part shall I help you to?" "The liver-wing, if you please." "The liver-wing! why, my dear friend, do you fancy we are such barbarians as to put the liver and gizzard under the wings, as in England, to be dried to a cinder? We put them inside, that they may imbibe all the juices of the fowl." I confess I, on tasting, approved of the system. "In England," said my guest, "you have the best things, and make the worst use of them. You have delicious oysters (I was afraid he would ask for another *cloyer*), but you feed them to make them look white, by which means they lose all the delicious flavour of the oyster. You open them on the upper shell, and so lose all the liquor, which is as exquisite as the oyster. You dress immense sirloins of beef, and notwithstanding your proximity to us, you are still strangers to the *filet* (the under part of the sirloin) larded, which is the greatest delicacy the ox produces. You have no method in your eating; you are gluttons, not epicures. You swallow whole glasses of champagne with fish, meat, and poultry: a *prétty* sauce, truly! You eat sweet dishes, and then your salad; whereas health, good breeding, and refinement at table, prescribe the reverse. Eat your animal food and vegetables: upon that place a layer of salad, made with one spoonful of vinegar, and four of oil; put no mustard. This masticated, moisten the whole with two or three glasses of good *sauterne*, or white hermitage. You may then *superpose* your creams, custards, tarts, &c., and on this, if you like it, pour your champagne; but St. Peray is better at this stage of the dinner,—by the by we have none.—Waiter, bring a bottle of St. Peray, of *Clos de Gaillard*.—Now, sir, we will take a moment of repose until the service and *napperon* (a small upper table-cloth) are removed, to make place for the dessert.—Waiter, leave the St. Peray.—Come, sir, here's a *toast* to the progress of cookery in England." "Sir, I confess you excel us in cookery; but still there are some things I could wish to see altered, even at a French table. I do not like to eat fish, meat, fowl, vegetables, and sweet dishes, with the same knife and fork. I do not like to see a man scrape his teeth with his knife, and if asked to help to any dish before him, wipe that knife on his bread, and use it for a carver. I do not like to see a person use his fork as a tooth-pick. I do not like—" "Softly, my dear Mr. Pry: I admit all you say to be just, but do not carry the point any farther. As to the knives and forks matter, you must know that it is the remains of an old custom. Our ancestors always carried their own knife, fork, and spoon, with them wherever they went, and had a pocket in their breeches to carry them, as an English carpenter does his rule; for as to a French one, you will always see him with a stick of inches, four or five feet long; it is the insignia of his profession, and he rarely goes without it. But we are getting into the English fashion. We have better table linen, and at well-served

boards, the knife and fork are changed with each plate, and I should not wonder if, in time, we should remove the cloth, and eat off the bare table. I, for my own part, shall not be sorry for it, as then the deal and walmutree tables which disgrace our dining-rooms, will make way for mahogany; and I do not despair of one day seeing a French *salle à manger* as elegant as an English dining-room." The dessert was now served. "Here," he continued, "is a dish, or rather a plate, (for what at dinner is called a dish, becomes a plate at dessert), which never figures at an English dessert—cheese. It is on the sound principle of dietetics that we assign this period for its appearance, rather than at dinner. You may drink with it a glass of any red wine you like, then take your roasted chestnuts, with a glass of white wine; and now, sir, we will have a bottle of sparkling champagne of Aî: this I call for in compliment to you as an Englishman. When you have attained a higher stand in civilisation and cookery you will prefer Silly, and I do not despair of your at length reaching the point of preferring the divine Arbois to all others."

He ate and talked, and talked and ate,
Till more and more my wonder grew.

"Waiter," he exclaimed, after demolishing the greater portion of a handsome and plentiful dessert, "waiter, bring us a pint bottle of Rivesaltes. This, sir, is the nectar of the gods, more divine than Constantia, more—come, sir, here's a health to the Tuscan who first introduced the vine into Gaul. The vine, sir, is the friend of man, *ergo*, the friend of liberty. Tyrants were never known to be fond of wine; in *vino veritas*—treason lurks not in the cup. No man conspires on a full belly, especially if well saturated with wine; and as Rivarol says, 'the people is a sovereign who only demands to be able to eat and drink.' His majesty is always tranquil when his digestive faculties are well employed; in a word, he is happy. Do you think the French Revolution would have taken place if the people had not been starved by the ministers, and goaded on by the *Economists*. I hate the name as much as that of Domitian, who ordered all the vines in Gaul to be plucked up.—Waiter, bring up coffee and some rosolio. We will just take our coffee, and then you shall go with me to the opera." He had his box there, and to my surprise, he had neither to present ticket nor *bones* for himself or me. "You are always welcome," said he, "to a seat in my box. You have no occasion for a ticket. You only state that you are coming to my box, and if it be full you must go and pay your money, for the box-keepers will not let you go to any other part without an exchange ticket. This saves the trouble of carrying a ticket about with you, which, if you forget, you must go back and fetch it." I was delighted to find there was no saloon prepared, as in England, for the impures. Here decency is respected, and Virtue has not to blush at the open depravity of Vice. In fact, decency is the homage that Vice pays to Virtue, and the French police takes care that it shall not be violated in public. An impure who should dare to make use of an improper expression, or create the slightest disturbance, would be sent to prison without any ceremony, and expiate her fault at the *Madelonnettes*. I must give you an account of the opera in another letter.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

1. *Oberon, or the Elf King's Oath.* By Carl Marie Von Weber. Royal Harmonic Institution.

LIBERAL as has been the reception of this opera by the public, since its first night to the present moment, and fair and flattering as has been the analysis of its merits in nearly all the periodical journals—so long as it is thus powerfully buoyed up, it need entertain no fear of sinking. If other critics, more delighted with finding out defects than enjoying beauties, have pried into its *demerits*, and evinced some disappointment as to its want of effect, or of striking melody,—it is no more than what has been the fate of very many immortal works of art, which, as human productions, must be imperfect in some respects. But whatever may be said, the music of *Oberon* will for ever remain a profound and an elaborate work of genius, which has every thing to hope, and nothing to fear, from the progress of the art. No greater service could have been done towards making it properly understood, than is done by the publication mentioned above. In the rapid flow of sound the ear has enough to do to catch the most prominent melodies only, and when these are, moreover, clothed, if not disguised, in the richness of learned harmonies, as here, many beauties will escape even the most cultivated hearers, unless they are at the same time exhibited to the eye in all their varied minute details. The arrangement in question will fully answer this purpose, and we are convinced that the whole will serve as an excellent study for the professional musician, and that the greater part will be highly interesting to the amateur. The publication contains only the first act of the opera, and we hope the other two may speedily follow.

2. *Amusement pour le Piano-forte et Violon, etc.* Par J. N. Hummel. Op. 108. Royal Harmonic Institution.
3. *A new Brilliant Rondo for the Piano-forte.* Op. 109. Same Composer and Publisher.

THESE are the two newest works of the celebrated Hummel, and both well calculated, though of different characters, to maintain his high reputation as a piano-forte composer. The first he wrote at Paris during his residence there last year; and, from the light construction of the whole, it is obvious that he studied to please the Parisian taste. The subjects flow with beautiful ease, and imperceptibly pass over one to the other by simple modulations. The whole consists of an allegro moderato, a romance, and a rondo. The brilliant rondo is clearly of Germanic origin, and is consequently a good deal more ponderous than the rest. It does not at first look very formidable, and yet the player will have to command all his attention, not to bewilder himself by such a host of single and double sharps. It is exceedingly elaborate, and highly commendable for the advanced player.

4. *Twelve Grand Concertos*, by Handel; adapted for the Organ or Piano-forte by Wm. Crotch, Mus. Doc. Birchall and Co.

THIS excellent work also belongs to the very latest publications, and is excellent in its kind. The present number contains only six concertos, consisting of allegros, adagios, a polonaise, minuetto, a musette, &c. in all, 29 detached parts. From this internal arrangement, and from the period when these pieces were composed, viz. about the year 1737, as stated on the title, no

body will expect to find any thing like the modern piano-forte concertos of Mozart or Hummel. Notwithstanding this, every player will be amply rewarded by the quantum of true music which is treasured up in this volume. The adaptation is as learned and altogether as perfect as might be expected from so great a master as Dr. Crotch, and from such an enthusiastic admirer of Handel as he is.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

AMONG the not very prominent sights which, at this busy period of the year, court the visits of the curious, we went a few days ago to Mr. Kleff's, in High Holborn, to look at a model of St. Peter's, Rome. It is of *papier mâché*, and remarkable for the labour bestowed upon it, the accuracy, multitude, and minuteness of its details, and the general effect produced by so perfect a miniature of so magnificent a structure. The interior, into which a lamp is put, is finished with the same regard to resemblance as the exterior; and the whole furnishes a complete idea of one of the greatest buildings in the world. The model is stated to be of considerable antiquity, and being brought in a mutilated state to this country, by Sir Thomas Liddell, has been entirely restored by Mr. Kleff. In the same rooms are some odd specimens of landscapes, figures, &c., in paper and in terra cotta; and some of the most exquisite anatomical representations of the human head, ear, and eye, in wax, which we ever saw. For the student, such productions of all the parts would be invaluable, and might greatly abridge the want of dead subjects. They are by an Italian artist, of the name of Calenzoli, and came from Genoa: for some reason they were left at the Custom-house without the duties being paid, and sold, when the limited time had expired, at one of the sales by that department of the revenue. We wish we could find more by the same masterly hand in this country, and under circumstances more advantageous to the ingenious individual, and less to be regretted in the light of official illiberality. There should at least be a free trade when refinements and knowledge are the imports.

ANNIVERSARIES.

AT the Artists' Fund Anniversary Dinner, at the Freemasons' Tavern on Saturday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer took the chair, and filled it most energetically, and very beneficially for the interests of the Society, for which a large subscription was made. Sir John Swinburne, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Moore and Campbell the poets, Messrs. Phillips, Shee, and other individuals distinguished in the arts and literature, contributed to the humane and social enjoyments of the day; and—with some well-executed glees and delightful singing by Broadhurst—the whole went off (as the phrase is) with great *eclat*.

The friends of the Literary Fund met on Wednesday, (the President, his Grace the Duke of Somerset, in the chair), and, we regret to say, in numbers very unworthy of the occasion. We do not think there were a hundred persons present; but various accidental causes contributed to this paucity in appearance: his Majesty's court, and an unusual number of public anniversaries, being appointed for the same date, may be mentioned amongst them. The amount of the subscriptions, however, and the statement of the increased prosperity of the Fund, compensated, in some measure, for the gloom thrown over the early proceedings of the meeting by the absence of so many of its well-

wishers, and by the abstinence from any introductory remarks to the toasts as they were given from the President to the Toast-master behind him, to be proclaimed to the company. Some persons object to the ceremony of rising and drinking the healths in the manner usual in large assemblies: but both this practice and that of prefacing them with brief recommendations are essentially necessary to the order and effect of such meetings. Without them, none of the parties at any distance from the upper table could know what was doing at all; every half dozen who happened to sit together must fall into private groups; there could be no unanimity or co-operation; and, in short, the entire essence of a public congregation for a general purpose would be thrown away and lost. We are sorry to remark, that this was too much the case in the present instance; and we trust that against another year, and future years, better exertions will be made to place this, which ought to be the foremost of all the benevolent institutions in London—(because the range of its objects is the most widely extended, and they are as helpless in themselves as misery can make human beings)—in that rank which is justly due to it—attended at least as highly and as numerously, and contributed to at least as liberally, as any similar charity (such as Artists' or Theatrical Funds) of a more limited character, and certainly with less pretensions to universal support.

The company, small as it was, boasted of a considerable display of talent: Sotheby, Moore, Croly, Allan Cunningham, and other popular poets, were present; also, Sir John Malcolm, Messrs. Hallam, Baber, Caley, Mudford, and other authors of eminence in various departments of literature. In the course of the evening, Lord Glenorchy, Sir John Malcolm, Mr. Sotheby, and Mr. Moore, addressed the meeting on several occasions: there was some very sweet music by Broadhurst, Collyer, Atkins (a fine bass), and two boys, pupils of Hawes; and the concluding hours were passed with somewhat more of the spirit congenial to such assemblies than those which preceded.

The Drury Lane Fund, we believe, meets to-day: it is said that Mr. Kean is either in town or on the coast, and expected to attend it!

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

On Thursday Mr. Elliston played *Falstaff*, in *Henry the Fourth*: but we will not delay our paper by entering upon any criticism till he has repeated the part next week.

ABBOTT, whose highly respectable station on the London boards will not readily be forgotten by the lovers of the genuine drama, (to which, though not in leading characters, he was an eminent support,) has just visited town, to recruit in the upper quarters for the Dublin theatre. Stephens, Paton, and Vestris, have, we hear, been engaged, besides other excellent actors; and, as the vice-royal court now patronises the exertions of the spirited manager, it bids fair to render the stage of the Irish capital more brilliant and attractive than it has been for many years.

POLITICS.

THE disturbed districts have become almost quiet;—the release of the bonded corn, and a noble subscription of above 60,000*l.*, have done much to soothe and relieve the sufferers.

VARIETIES.

Proverbs from the Hebrew.

The myrtle that grows among nettles is still a myrtle.

It is not as thy mother says of thee, but as thy neighbours say.

Do not fling dirt into the well out of which thou hast drunk.

If a word be worth one sixpence, silence is worth two.

Thy secret is thy prisoner; let it escape thee, and thou wilt be the prisoner of thy secret.

As the garden, so is the gardener.

When you marry descend the ladder; when you choose a friend, ascend.

Do not look at the goblet, but its contents.

A lie has no feet.

Comets.—It is now certain that the same comet has appeared in our planetary system in the years 1786, 1795, 1801, 1805, 1818, and 1825. It appears that in its course it never passes the orbit of Jupiter. The period of its revolution (which is the shortest known) very little exceeds three years and a quarter; and its mean distance from the sun is not more than twice that of the earth. It seems to be especially connected with the system in which our globe is placed, and crosses our orbit more than sixty times in a century. M. Olbers, the celebrated astronomer of Bremen, who has bestowed much attention on this comet, has been lately occupied in calculating the possibility of its influence on the destinies of our globe. He finds that in 83,000 years this comet will approach the earth as nearly as the moon; and that in 4,000,000 of years it will come to within a distance of 7,700 geographical miles; the consequence of which will be (if its attraction be equal to that of the earth) the elevation of the waters of the ocean 13,000 feet; that is to say, above the tops of all the European mountains, except Mont-Blanc. The inhabitants of the Andes and of the Kimlaya mountains alone will escape this second deluge; but they will not benefit by their good fortune more than 216,000,000 years, for it is probable that, at the expiration of that time, our globe, standing right in the way of the comet, will receive a shock severe enough to insure its utter destruction.—This is really very alarming!

Animal Sagacity.—We are indebted to a correspondent, on whose veracity we can place perfect reliance, for the following extraordinary anecdote of sagacity in an animal which we do not remember to have figured in stories of this kind. Watching the motions of a pair of beautiful ducks on the Thames, suddenly one of them began to make a strange noise, and evidently appeared to be in distress, in consequence of something entangling its feet under the water—probably weeds, which rise at this season towards the surface. Its mate immediately swam to it rapidly, and betrayed singular symptoms of alarm and sympathy. To extricate it seemed impossible; but it was not so to an affectionate duck: opening its bill to the widest extent, it laid hold of the neck of its companion, and by a vigorous plunge forward launched it once more upon the clear stream.

Digestion.—The French Academy of Sciences having last year proposed, as a prize subject, to determine, by a series of chemical and physiological experiments, what are the phenomena which succeed one another in the digestive organs during the act of digestion, granted to Messrs. Leuret and Lesseigne the sum of 1,500 francs, in consideration of the

numerous and expensive experiments made by them, and of the remarkable results obtained. The principal conclusion to be drawn from the researches of these gentlemen is, that digestion, in warm-blooded animals, consists in the transformation of the food into organic or chyleous molecules, after it has been diluted and divided to infinity by the juices of the intestinal canal. These molecules, of a globular shape, they consider analogous to monads, or microscopic animalcula of the simplest kind. In support of this supposition they adduce the great quantity of these animalcula which are found in the intestines of frogs, and which they also regard as the produce of digestion. If, on the one hand, it may be objected to them that the stagnant water, which these reptiles inhabit, contain numbers of these minute beings, which they may probably swallow,—it must, on the other hand, be acknowledged, that learned naturalists have expressed a similar opinion, and have considered these animalcula as being rather the elementary molecules of animals, and perhaps of vegetables, than real animals. In order to shew their sense of the obstacles in the way of the complete solution of the question proposed by the Academy, Messrs. Leuret and Lesseigne conclude their memoir as follows: "It is impossible, in the existing state of knowledge, to determine the chemical alterations which food undergoes in the digestive canal, because the means of analysis are insufficient, and because the mixture of the food with the juices in the digestive canal, render the results of any experiment exceedingly complicated."

The venerable Dr. Duncan, of Edinburgh, we observe from a Scots Newspaper, continues his annual custom of climbing to the top of Arthur's Seat on the morning of the first of May. It gives an interesting account of this pious romance of old age, on the preceding Monday, when the worthy doctor performed his pilgrimage in his 82d year,—recited some lines of his own composition to a juvenile auditory, including several of his own grandchildren—and caused them to sing a hymn of thanksgiving to the great Creator, who had graciously prolonged his life and faculties to this uncommon span.

Epigram on an old Skull.

Old Lantern, thou thoust the light,
Thou helmet of a ghostly knight—
How little thought thy master once
That I should now possess his scone,
Which erst contain'd all organs fit
For grave research or sprightly wit—
Now empty as that rusty bell,
Which, years ago, has ceased to knell;
But, whistling still in the ruin'd tower,
A moral gives, though not the hour.
Thus teacheth it: Ve all at last,
Like me, shall shiver in the blast—
And thou, too, croakest, Master Mum—
Tu te eris, quæle sum.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Sir W. Betham, Ulster King at Arms, is preparing a work on Irish Antiquities for the press.
The Little World of Knowledge, by C. M. Chase, a work intended as an introduction to the Arts and Sciences, &c. and arranged numerically, according to a new plan, which must greatly assist the memory, is preparing for publication in June.

A Second Edition of Mr. Hunt's Half a Dozen Hints on Picturesque Domestic Architecture having been already called for, (a rare thing with works of this kind, but only according with our sense of its merits as expressed in the Literary Gazette Review), a new edition is announced, improved in typography, paper, and other accessories, so essential to productions where well-executed designs and the efforts of the Fine Arts are at least as prominent as their literary portions.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

Day.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 4	From 36. to 46.	30.02 to 30.44
Friday 5	37. to 52.	30.00 — 30.66
Saturday 6	36. to 48.	30.00 — 29.99
Sunday 7	35. to 52.	29.99 — 30.01
Monday 8	36. to 59.	30.01 — 30.08
Tuesday 9	31. to 64.	30.04 stationary
Wednesday 10	33. to 64.	30.04 stationary

Prevailing wind, N. and N.E.—Generally clear, except the 4th and 6th, when some rain fell.—The nights yet remarkably cold, as indicated by the register above.

Rain fallen, .075 of an inch.
Edmonton. 51° 37' 32" N. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Longitude . . . 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Continuation of our Review of African Travels, Irish Sketches, and many novelties in literature, are unavoidably postponed.

We thank *El Arguilo*. His hints are not thrown away, and we shall be at all times obliged by his correspondence.

We have found *Sed* among our papers. We purpose taking up the subject he alludes to, and will probably employ his with other manuscripts connected with it. We have to apologise for accidentally sending him a MS. not his, by which we have disappointed two correspondents.

M. A.'s "two pieces are declined;" thanks returned. *Ernie's* lines run too much into each other for truly poetical and polished rhymes. Avoiding this fault, he may produce what will do his name credit.

Kolia, "to those who will understand it," is not to us *Fifteen!* go on, and prosper.

We have only to remind E. E. of the quotation, "Your *Ernie's* writing's curdled reading." *Edinburgh*, evidently does not understand the import of what he criticises. From his opinion, as far as we can gather it, we differ; and adhere to our own—namely, that it was needless and courtier-like compliment in the authors of Woodstock and *The Martyr*, severally, to say any thing about not having seen or read some other publications of the same classes with their own. It was our admiration of these distinguished writers which led to the remark: from such genius such disclaimers are uncalled for. Where a pocket has been picked, we do not expect such a person as Lord Liverpool to start up and swear he did not commit the act. But the matter is hardly worth an observation, nor would we condescend one to the derogatory tone of our correspondent, except for a stronger reason than is to be collected from his unregarded threat of publishing his complaints elsewhere. The fact is, that it is the trick and besetting folly of most of the eminent men we know—and circumstances have brought us into contact with the great majority of the eminent of our standing!—the evil, we say, is that some consciousness of their superior station and powers, operates upon their minds in such a manner as to make them flatterers where (in our judgment) they ought to be sincere and honest oracles of truth. We have frequently heard the best painters of the day depraise the merest daubs to those who committed them, and their friends; and we have often read, with astonishment, letters of the highest eulogy, written under similar circumstances by the highest names in our literature, upon the veriest trash that ever personal vanity or the advice of friendly fondness inflicted upon taste or good sense for a judgment. There is something all very well and very worldly in this: why should A (the first of letters!) make an enemy by speaking the plain, unvarnished truth to B, who humbly seeks his favourable verdict, is recommended by C, and would be so hurt by a hint short of panegyric? Civility is a civilised Beauty, and though fair words butter no parsnips, if you are called upon for sauce, why not, for the sake of your own ease, give the smooth unctuous oil, rather than the bitter herbs of justice, or the vinegar of criticism? It is thus that what are called friends are made, at the expense of candour and straightforward veracity.

ERRATUM.—P. 261, c. 3, l. 32, for *who* read *which*.

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